THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE INVALID SOLDIER.

"Out of the Line of Promotion."

BY MRS. ANNA HACHE.

Inscribed to Lieut. W. S., of the Veteran Reserves.

"Out of the Line of Promotion." Perhaps.
Promotion of buttons and shoulder-straps.
Be "out of the Line of Promotion," he may,
As regards the matter of rations and pay;
But of True Promotion—young Hero, see
How grandly God has given to thee.

Promotion—from selfish to generous ends—
Courage to take what Providence sends.
To be, from the nameless one of many,
What makes thy friendship a boon to any.
To enlarge thy mind, to refine thy heart,
Of thy Country's glory to make thee part,
As one of those whose blood shall rust
Slavery's chain, till it crumble to dust.

More—Death seen so closely in strife,
Has taught thee the *real* value of Life.
No Lotus-cup of sensual joy,
No dream of pleasures without alloy;
No gay Parade-ground of Peace Reviews,
No choice of station to take or refuse;
But the drill of Duty, the night-watch of Care,
Temptation's ambush, and Passion's snare.
A Charge, with the World-force all to oppose—
A hand-to-hand fight with the Spirit's foes—
These, loyally taken, bravely done,
Think'st thou there's no *Promotion* won?

Patience, Soldier!—be strong to endure—
The conflict is sharp, but the victory sure.
A Christian Soldier, who gavest free
To the Great Commander, thy Life's devotion,
At the last Roll-call, thou wilt not be
"Out of the Line" of God's *Promotion.*

Philadelphia.

PHILIP FRASER'S FATE.

CHAPTER I.

The following narrative I have compiled, partly from portions of the journal kept by my nephew, Philip Fraser, who was murdered at Melbourne in March, 1855; partly from his few letters to me; and partly from the conversations I have had with his companion, James Burlow. These conversations have enabled me to connect the incidents mentioned in the letters and the journal, and to understand their relation to each other so well; and the private phase of these occurrences and of his own feelings, which my nephew portrayed to me in his letters, throws such a light on the facts themselves, that I seem about to detail experiences, instead of to record occurrences in which I had no part. The combination of circumstances which led to the dreadful atrocity by which my sister's son, in the fullest flow of his hope, was foully murdered, is so remarkable, that contemplating them now, at a distance of time, the impression I receive is almost as vivid as when they were first known to me. Time alters to us the aspect of nearly all joys or sorrows; or rather, time allows us to alter our relations to the facts from which our pleasures or troubles may spring. But, whatever may have altered around me, my own particular feeling in estimating the matter does not seem to have changed. I still feel, whenever I turn to it, much as I imagine an animal may feel when its instincts are raised to their fiercest expression on feeling itself robbed of its young. I feel all the baffled hopes writhe, and turn where they have been so ruthlessly cut short to a thirst for vengeance. This is a feeling which, had I been a young man, might have carried me to the antipodes to seek out his murderer and revenge his death. Yet I am able now, as I was then, to argue how wrong such a feeling is, how foolishly wrong. What would be the use of the teachings of civilization, religion, or even worldly experience, if impulses which belong so closely to imperfect nature alone that we find the best likeness for them in the instincts of the brute were not to be chained or tempered by them? But our nature is so imperfect that we *cannot* make theory accord with practice always. There are insults and wrongs which our imperfect nature (mine at least) feels to be beyond the reach of ordinary laws. I am an old soldier, and perhaps have acquired such ideas from my profession. It is with a terrible feeling that I think upon poor Philip's murder at all times. I cannot help it. It is perhaps wrong—I know it is wrong; but still it is so. The law never discovered or overtook his murderer, that I know of. I struggle hard often to think my fearful wish, that I had been able in revenge to shoot him like a dog, is not a darling wish with me; that it grows weaker with time; that it is a weakness, and not a crime, so to wish to put our hand upon God's purposes. But I always find it fast rooted among my doubts.

Philip was my only sister's son. His father was a scoundrel, and ill treated his wife in numberless ways till the day of his death. She then lived with me for some years, and her child was born under my roof. He grew up in the light of a son to me; and when we lost his mother, I promised her that I would treat him as a son. When he came back from Rugby, in 1852, he was seventeen years of age. I designed him for the army, and he would have shone in it; he would have done his duty. I know my judgment was not wrong in that. He came back, however, with a craving after adventure which puzzled me somewhat at first. It disturbed my plans for him. I did not want to check it, for it was not ignoble. Unfortunately, there was no service to be seen just then; and had I sent him, as I had at first intended, into the army at once, he might have misinterpreted the duties of a soldier in peace, and failed to appreciate the charm there is in discharging faithfully and completely the most unnoticed duties of a soldier's life. He might have viewed them in a false light. He was one of those youngsters who at school are dubbed "lucky." In every game of chance, and, indeed, almost everything he engaged in, luck seemed to stick to his fingers. Whether the incense which simple success is always greeted with may have tended to foster the idea, or whether the wonderful and highly-colored accounts which were daily published first drew him on, I cannot tell, but he desired more than anything to go and dig gold on the Australian fields. He had an idea, which he tried to explain to me, that the small pieces of gold which were washed out of the soil by the diggers must have been detached from some rich system of gold, which could be discovered. He wished to explore, and seek fortune thus in a short time. I could not but consent, and he left me. I never saw him again.

CHAPTER II.

Philip Fraser landed at Port Philip on the 3rd of October, 1854. His purpose was to go to the diggings at Bendigo, and to join a working party of three others already established there. Two members of this party, James and William Burlow, had been more than twelve years in the colony. They had left their home in Melbourne in the early days of the gold fever, and had breasted the rough work with varying success ever since, excepting during a few invervals. The third one of the party was Philip's friend, who had been nearly two years at the gold-fields. His name was Richard Gordon. The custom at the diggings is to work in small gangs in this way, to divide the labor, and to share the result. Philip was a creature of day-dreams and sanguine anticipations; but by the time he reached the diggings he had but few of the ideas with which he had left England, unchanged, excepting his theory about the masses of gold, and the explorations he hoped to make. He had found in Melbourne all things so modified by the exceptional exigencies of the time, that his plans had to be changed, or were overthrown. He had been compelled to walk with a straggling party the whole way through the bush, sleeping how he could, and as others did. He had suffered from hunger, and was nearly destitute of everything which he brought with him from England; but he was full of sturdy determination. Nothing, however, had depressed and disappointed him more than the dreariness of the bush. His fancied picture of luxuriance and shade, made brilliant here and there by the rich yellow blooms of the wattle trees, was lamentably overthrown when he came upon the thin and peculiar maze, which seemed to extend interminably on every side of his way. The tall gum trees seemed to yield no corresponding shade, and the absence of the leafy undergrowth which is found in English woods left the naked trunks more exposed in their bewildering sameness. The ground, strewn everywhere with dry sticks and little evidences of dearth and ruin, seemed, under the hot sun, always the same weary, pathless way, without landmarks of progress. Where some great tree had fallen athwart its follows, it seemed to him a mere evidence of present ruin; where all were growing luxuriantly in the hot sun, it seemed to him that they grew rankly on a bed of former ruin. He had privations to endure, and hardly anything but hope to meet them with; but he was strong enough in that, and on the 2nd of November he reached the Bendigo Diggings in safety.

When Philip came to understand that he was approaching Bendigo, his depressed spirits underwent a sudden change, and he began to day-dream again. He felt like reaching home at last. He thought of being welcomed, as from the old country, by the free-handed, rough adventurers who had congregated there, and by his own friends. There would be a peculiar romance for him in the fact of men standing bravely on their own resources; and where education and refinement, which in long-settled communities raise their possessors above the classes who do the rough labors of the strong hand and arm, might be found face to face with labor and duty in their simplest forms. When, however, he came upon the little community of diggers he soon found that the reality only left him the very dregs of his dream. Tents and shanties were scattered about in careless confusion. Heaps of dirt, and holes, and mud; men in all kinds of costume, and some with little enough, and all sufficiently dirty, were working, some side by side with jealous and absorbing earnestness, some apart, equally intent, but all with the same one only purpose. Here and there he got only an oath, almost always a sneer, and a momentary reply to his inquiry for the party he was about to join. When at last he found Gordon and his friends, he was soon able to settle amongst them, and to grapple with the realities of his new life, quite freed from home fancies. Still, however, he cherished his theory about the masses of gold, and thought he found it strengthen with the observations he made.

Nothing of any great importance occurred to him during the first two months of his sojourn. He had become a regular gold-hunter, like all around him, with the same continual work, and the same ceaseless avidity for work. He had been moderately fortunate, but much more fortunate than his companions, and when he told them of his character for good luck at school, they nick-named him "Lucky Phil." He had found the only nugget larger than ordinary which had fallen to their lot, a few days after his arrival. On the evening when they took stock of and divided the gold, Philip was in better spirits than either of them. James Burlow, however, was discontented with the gains, and, as he was the captain of the party, proposed a decided move. He said that, although they had succeeded in getting a good quantity of gold, it was not to be forgotten that they consumed most of it in the expenses of their living, and that the apparent gains were not commensurate with the hard work they had. He wanted to know what they thought, therefore, of making a very decided move. Some one had been out prospecting further east, and he had heard that the best accounts, as to gold, had been received from Queensleigh. He thought it would be wise to make a move. What did they think of the prospects, and did they feel inclined to chance it?

In the conversation which ensued William Burlow sided with his brother, but Gordon laughingly said he wanted to hear what "lucky" suggestion Philip could make, for they had tried long enough what hard work could wring from Fortune; he was for tempting her still more, and he would join willingly in trying to "prospect" for themselves instead of following where others had been.

The time had now clearly come for Philip to propound his plan, and he did so. He had thought of it so long, and treasured it so much, correcting it and confirming it by his daily observations, that when he found himself actually appealed to on the very subject, and that unexpectedly, he spoke with an enthusiasm visible in his eye and manner, which had a curious effect. The hunt for gold is, after all, a sort of gambling with nature, and though the ways and details of the stakes are different, yet the same influences affect, in varying ratio and degree, the professed gamester at Homburg or Baden and the Australian digger. A blind subserviency to simple chance has a deteriorating influence on ordinary labor, and by its disloyalty to the laws of nature, which are of that code under which men are truly taught to look for their daily bread, leave room for vices to grow, and weaknesses to harden into vices. It is often seen that men whose intellects are acute, and whose reason is strong in other atmospheres, will bow round the gaming-table with childish obedience to some vague theory of chance which they could not find a reason to approve. All the circumstances are different with the Australian digger, but his nature is the same, and in degree is affected by the same cause. His purpose becomes so absorbing that other things are forgotten. In every other sphere labor is accepted as a task, and yielded as a price to be paid, and rest from it is sought by men—by some whenever it may be taken on the other side of the line of duty, by others from idleness. The digger for gold finds such feelings absorbed in his pursuit. He has a diseased craving for the work. Different natures are of course bent differently by the same strong influence, but all are bent. In some the strain wreaks ample ruin, and vice and crime grow rankly; but in others, though the influence is felt, the roots are not displaced. It was, therefore, curious, but not strange, that when Philip spoke with all his earnestness his three companions gradually listened to his speculations almost as though he were an oracle, and that, had they confessed truly to themselves, they did so because of an indefinable and simple belief in his lucky star! James and William Burlow were men of long experience in the colony, and had been at the diggings from the first discovery; Gordon had almost an equal experience of gold-finding, if not of colonial life; but Philip had been with them barely for two months.

Philip's enthusiasm certainly for the time had a strong effect upon them all, and they began to discuss his views in the most sanguine manner. They were all seated just inside their tent when they commenced the division of the gold; but when they proceeded to talk over their prospects and proposals, William Burlow carefully drew together the canvas flaps which were used to close the entrance to the tent, and then they spoke in an eager undertone. The gist of Philip's speculations was this. It was evident that the gold was formed somewhere else than in the alluvial deposits from which they now worked it. It was, therefore, washed down by streams from its original site, or had in former times been so washed down, and thus was always found either in the beds of rivers, or in the valleys made by streams now dried up. The form in which they found it, whether in dust, grains, scales, or nuggets, was always water-worn, and such as to show that it had been carried by the current and acted upon by the friction. Purely natural agencies, of which water-action was one, at work through long series of generations, had without doubt dissolved the rock in which the gold was born, but had no action on the metal, and the particles of gold were carried forward amid the *débris* of the rock, and finally mingled with it when it became a deposit of clay in the bed of the river—which might be running now, or which might have ceased to run, leaving a valley, or gully, such as those from which they were now accustomed to work it by washing. Now gold is at least seven times heavier than any rock, and not being subject to decay by water, or time, or ordinary natural agencies, the portions released, however minute, must be of much greater weight than the particles of disintegrated rock which formed the clay. It was on this very principle that they now washed the clay in their cradles. It was fair enough and natural to suppose that a violent current would have amply sufficient strength to hurry even considerable portions down, and there might be, or have been, agencies with which we are not acquainted which would transport large isolated pieces. But, he argued, it was equally fair to suppose that those larger nuggets or masses which had been set free by the disintegration of the rocks in which they were born, and which had not been carried away by some exceptional agency, had settled down by natural laws, either on their original site, or been removed perhaps by the first violence of the torrent which broke up their rocky covering, not far from it. The larger the pieces the shorter the distance they could have been removed by such natural forces, unless exceptionally. Where should they seek—how could they find such sites?

The companions drew closer together, and there was a momentary silence; but the gold-fever was intensely plain in a burning red spot on each cheek, and in the fiery earnestness in every eye. Men are dangerous when crossed at times like these. Then there followed a rapid and desultory conversation, full of sanguine speculations. James Burlow drew apart, sat a little back in the tent, and became silent. He was making a great struggle, such as only a strong man cares to initiate, against the seduction of passionate speculation, and the too hasty desertion of facts and reason. But it was easy to see that Gordon and William Burlow now spoke to Philip with a sort of deference in their manner and their ideas akin to subserviency. The weak moment had supervened, and they were offering unconscious homage to his lucky star, and the homage seemed growing kindred to a blinded trust. So they conversed of probabilities till, elated, Philip, in a louder tone, said that he felt he could lead them where such might be found—he felt he should be so fortunate if they would explore.

At this moment they were stricken, as it were, into a momentary silence. They heard, first a snap, as of some one treading on a dry stick, outside the tent; then the sound as something touched an old tin dish which lay outside, and after that, of rapidly retreating footsteps. Some one had been listening. In a moment they were all outside the tent. Gordon and William Burlow were first. It was almost dark, but Philip, looking in the opposite direction from that in which the step had first been heard, saw a man just entering the belt of trees near to which the tent was pitched. He called out and pointed. In an instant both Gordon and William Burlow fired their revolvers—Gordon twice—but without effect, and the man, whoever he was, was gone.

"Who was he?" asked James Burlow.

"Who can he be?" echoed Gordon.

"I did not see his face; I only caught sight of him for a moment as he went behind the trees," said Philip.

"Probably one of the ticket-of-leave scoundrels," said William Burlow; "we must look out."

But Philip knew, although he said nothing more.

He had noticed that the man was more than ordinarily tall, and that he had a peculiar limping action with the right leg. He knew him, but to have said so might have brought to light a weakness under which he suffered. As they were to move, to be silent could have in it no harm. He was silent, though he felt his face burn. He covered a first weakness, which to have made known would have so detracted from his present exaltation, with another weakness, and said nothing more.

The fact was this. Philip's father was captain in the —th. The regiment was long stationed at Bareilly, in the Indian service. To his poor wife, Philip's mother, John Fraser had behaved with brutal meanness, and the dissolute rascal spent her money recklessly; but he spent also more than hers. He was known to have defrauded Richard Gordon's father of a large sum by an ingenious transaction, the particulars of which had never seen the light; and in this he was said to have been helped by a certain Major Cutler, of a native regiment stationed at the same place. Philip knew as much as this of the matter, but no more. On the first day of his arrival, when Philip was inquiring for his friends, he had got from many of the diggers but short answers and no information, till he asked a tall man, who, muddy to the eyes, was working a cradle with great avidity, and who, unlike the rest, stepped forward for a moment with some politeness, and pointed to the very next claim, where James and William Burlow were working. Philip had remembered the strange courtesy, and returned it, as he was working, in a hasty acquaintanceship. The man was called William Brisbane. Before they knew each other's names, in some light talk Philip had alluded to Brisbane's lameness, when he said, carelessly, that "he had been in the army, and got a ball in his right knee in a duel at Bareilly; but he had left the army now." Sometime after this, one evening, Philip went across to a small store, a good distance off, to fetch something, where he saw Brisbane, who was drinking and playing cards on a barrel head with another digger. Brisbane cheated, and Philip saw the trick. The two players quarrelled and a drunken fight ensued, in which each used furious words, and Philip heard Brisbane's opponent use these: "You thieving hound! You daren't use your own name. I don't care who knows it, Major Cutler. That's your name—Major William Brisbane Cutler!" Cutler turned his eye on Philip's face in an instant, and a drunken reconciliation and a restoration followed. Philip departed, but had not gone far toward his tent before Cutler limped after him, and overtaking him, said:

"I say, Fraser, I want to say a word to you—and you had better stop to hear me," he added, fiercely.

"Well, Mr. ——," began Philip, with some hesitation.

"Call me Brisbane, you know," said Cutler, with a nasty chuckle. "I don't want any quarreling unless you do. I know more about you than perhaps you think; at all events I know you well, for I knew your father in India. You heard what that man said to me just now, and I could see you knew my name when you heard it. Well, it *is* my name. Have you heard it before?"

"I have heard it before."

"So I thought. Well, other people don't know it here, and it suits me that they shouldn't. I shall be much obliged if you won't mention it, especially in your gang," he said; and the same chuckle stretched the thin lips under his heavy moustache over his white teeth: "I shall be much obliged, you know. But if you should mention it, I can quit you by telling a good deal about your father. Yes, I knew Jack Fraser well—a good deal about Jack Fraser—and I could tell Gordon something, too. So, don't you mention my name excepting Brisbane; and I don't want to quarrel, or have anything unpleasant."

"I don't want to interfere with you in any way," said Philip; and he turned away, humiliated, and with a sickening sensation of rage and insult, made powerless by those feelings which had grown from the ruins of baffled love and respect. He blushed to be ashamed of his own father. The feeling held him still, and he was silent now.

The determination which the companions ultimately arrived at was, that they would suddenly start for Queensleigh, and try their best to get a first chance there before the place became much known. There was a sort of compromise in this, just enough of chance in it. James Burlow had endeavored to talk down the desire which the younger men had to engage in a more simply speculative plan, and his discretion soon ballasted their ideas. The next day they quietly made their preparations, and long before dawn on the following morning they had started, with all their traps packed in a small, strong cart, through the bush for Queensleigh. They reached the place on the 11th of January, 1855, and were in the best spirits when they pitched their tent on a slope, at the bottom of which ran the shallow, intermittent stream. The spot looked most likely, and they soon enjoyed the excitement of prospecting, with a small tin dish in hand, for the choice of a claim. James Burlow chose one, and the very next day they were at work. Only a few of the inevitable Chinamen, and not many diggers, were as yet there, and they had plenty of freedom in the choice. But every day several more diggers arrived; and two or three days afterwards, when sauntering back to the tent, Philip was surprised to find Brisbane accost them, asking, with an ill-concealed anxiety in his tone:

"What luck? Where's your claim?"

"Ah! so you've tried a move," said William Burlow, laughing. "Well, it's pappy enough to work in! but it doesn't seem to wash out much." And they passed on.

William Burlow was right; and they all came gradually to confess the disappointment to themselves, if not openly to each other. It was a great disappointment. The move appeared to be a failure. They tested the place with hard and patient work; but the average yield was not only not improved, it had grown less. The spot seemed an unfortunate one, for not one single nugget, of even ordinary size, had they found, nor could they hear that others had. At last, when they had labored three weeks thus, some one said the claim was a failure, and it was acknowledged so. The reaction was severe after their undue elation; but, though a sort of carelessness and discontent had come over them, they were not hopeless by any means; at least, they had plenty of speculation left. The seed sown at their last conference at Bendigo was not forgotten, but was cultured now; and it was proposed and voted, while they covered what they knew to be a weakness with much laughter and jeering, that "Lucky Phil" should try his hand and choose another claim. Philip chose another, much higher up the gully; and to work they went.

The spot that Philip selected was purely his own choice. It was just below where a con-

siderable and sudden rise took place in the ground, over which, perhaps, ages and ages ago, a torrent might have flowed; but it seemed to have little of the ordinary signs of likelihood to recommend it. It was a considerable distance from the tent, and a good way from any water wherein they could fix their cradle to wash the soil recovered. They divided the party for labor thus: One sank the hole, and threw up the soil to be washed; one took the soil in a barrow, and wheeled it down to the cradle, where the remaining two washed it and sought for the gold. On the first morning they went gaily enough to work, and each one lent a hand at opening the claim; then they divided the party, set up the cradle, and commenced in earnest. They did not get any gold at all the first day; but on the second and third they came upon a stratum of pipe-clay, in which they found the ore. But it did not seem to be in greater quantity than they could find anywhere almost. Still, no one said so, and the work went on. On the fourth day it came to Philip's turn to work down in the hole. Gordon and William Burlow were stationed at the cradle, and James Burlow went between.

Philip felt a sort of thrill which he could not well define as he stepped in and began his work. His choice had not fructified as yet; but he was to put his own hand to it now; and whether it was hope he felt, or a sensation more akin to that with which a man watches the turn of the card at *rouge-et-noir*, he hardly ventured to ask himself, nor did he express it in the least. He worked patiently through the morning and on into the afternoon, sometimes simply delving and sometimes wielding a short pick. Every now and then James Burlow came to load his barrow with the selected soil, or to help clear the hole of what was manifestly useless. The hole was sunk, in its deepest part, more than thirteen feet, when it became apparent that the seam of pipeclay was failing. Philip having cleared right through the seam at one end of the claim, turned and began working with his pick at the other. He had plunged it so often into the sticky soil with the same unvarying amount of resistance, and the same dull thud, that he was continuing the action almost mechanically and in an abstracted mood. One, two, three, and then he wrenched the end of the pick from the clay after a somewhat deeper stroke. Again, one—but the next blow sent a thrill through him, for the point struck, not deeply, but against a hard, firm substance. What was this? He knelt upon the wet detached pieces of clay and tore at the place with his hands. He felt, as he cleared it, a rounded point. He took off his cap and held his head sideways, to let the light shine against it, and he saw the score of the iron in a bright line on the pure gold. He had then found a large nugget. At the sight he felt his face flush and burn under the eyes. He rose, by an uncontrollable impulse of joy, thirsting, so to speak, to communicate the news of his prize; and he placed one foot on the rough side of the hole, by which he could ascend. But he went no further. What was he leaving? He was weak and foolish. Why not dig it out? He knelt again and put his hand on the gold, and forced his fingers round it. He then took his knife, opened it, cut away the clay, and cleared it from around the gold with frenzied eagerness. He essayed to move it, and prize it out with his knife. He thrust his fingers round it, and he felt the edges broadening inwards, and it resisted him as firmly as a rock. The conviction flashed upon him that it was a firm rock of gold,—the reality of his speculations,—and his hand fell from it. He sank back upon the little heap of clay behind him, and leant for support against the side of the hole, while a cold faintness crept over him; and he gazed up helplessly at the hot day above him, as one might look from the depths of a grave. At this moment James Burlow looked over the edge of the hole. Philip felt his face flush again, and said, in a husky voice,

"Come down here?"

"Why, what's the matter now, Phil? Are you ill?" said Burlow, as he got down into the hole.

"No, no; but I have found gold—the gold—there," said Philip, thrusting himself nervously against Burlow, who had in a moment knelt down to examine it with an unerring instinct.

James Burlow paused for a moment, breathing hard, with his hand on the projecting mass, which stood out three or four inches from the clay in the recess which Philip had hollowed out. He then took up the knife, cleared a little more, probed it further where Philip pointed out the widening surface, and hastily took up a bit of the wet clay and dabbed it on the spot, covering the gold up again.

"We must be careful of this, and not let it be known; stay here quiet a minute while I prospect." And in a moment he was out of the hole, and Philip lost sight of him, as Burlow gazed cautiously, and with apparent carelessness, around. He looked for a minute; then, as it seemed mechanically, took up his spade, put it into the barrow, moved the barrow a little nearer to the edge as though to load it again, and, taking the spade, got down into the hole.

"The coast seems pretty clear. Now listen to me, Phil. We two must dig this out quietly and quickly. Stop. I know what you are going to say,—you think it is an endless mass. We must prove it, if it is; but, above everything, we must be self-possessed now. If this should be a big lump, and it gets known we've found it, it will make a panic here. We're out far up here, recollect, and have to protect ourselves. We should be murdered for it; and, besides, if we get this out safe we may find more, which we can never do if this gets known. Take a drop of brandy now, and keep yourself quiet. Don't let your spirits get too high, or your expectations too great; and, whatever we do, don't let us betray any difference in behavior."

James Burlow spoke without a falter in his voice. He was a very strong and discreet man; but his chest heaved, notwithstanding, and his eye sparkled, as though the anxious spirit within were strongly bound, but struggling to get free. Philip had regained enough of his self-possession, and they set to work.

Rapidly and dexterously Burlow excavated a large space in the side of the hole above the gold, and then began to uncover the mass. Philip worked on one side of it, and for some time not a word was spoken. They had uncovered more than a foot of the clear, pure slab of metal, when Burlow paused and took off his cap, and as he did so his hand trembled. Philip looked up and saw that he was pale, and the perspiration standing thickly in beads upon his forehead, and dripping from the hair by his ears. He wiped his face and said, in a curiously quiet tone,

"If this should be as you thought, Phil, a great system of it, it may prove disastrous to us."

It was evident that he was stricken with a belief in the delusion which was burning in Philip's very heart. They resumed the work; but as they uncovered more, the form of the mass began to narrow again, then to get broader, and finally terminated, showing as one immense piece of gold apparently without a speck of alloy. By prizing it gently with the pick it moved; and then, getting their hands under the edges, with a great effort they raised it from its place, leaving the clear mould of one-half of it in the pipe-clay wherein that part had been embedded; and they placed it on the ground—the richest nugget that had ever been seen, perhaps, by any man since men had hunted, or labored, or fought for the precious earth.

CHAPTER III.

They placed it on the ground at the bottom of the hole, but had hardly begun to examine it when they heard footsteps approaching above, and they started like thieves with booty. Burlow seized the remains of an old sack which lay near, and hastily covered the nugget as well as he could. It was, however, only William Burlow who had so alarmed them. He had come over from the cradle to see why the supply of soil had ceased. This warned them of the necessity of looking more to appearances, so they concerted a plan of operations. The nugget was covered up in one corner of the claim till they could remove it quietly and without suspicion, when they should leave off work as usual, about an hour afterwards. Because the secret was so difficult to bear unconcernedly on a sudden, it was agreed not to let Gordon know till they could tell him with more safety at night; but William Burlow was to return to the cradle and say, that "Philip had met a tough bit, and Jim had stopped to help him through; but he was now coming down." William left; then James followed; and the work went on as usual throughout that long, long hour? At last the two brothers came back together and brought a piece of strong rope in the empty barrow. Gordon was to follow in a little while. No time was lost. They got the great nugget as well as they could into the old sack, and then fastened the rope round it. William Burlow hoisted it from below with all his strength, and the others drew it to the surface. It was placed in the barrow in the old sack, and upon it were put the tools. When Gordon came up they all started for the tent, James Burlow wheeling the barrow. Thus they passed by several groups of other diggers, through some portion of the encampment, and the barrow, just as it was, was wheeled close on one side of the entrance to the tent and left undisturbed. But they did not lose sight of it. They made their tea as usual when the evening came on, James Burlow sitting on a box outside. He had not been so for very long when he perceived Brisbane loitering towards him, smoking his pipe carelessly enough. He came up and sat down on the edge of the barrow on which the prize lay, leaning his elbows on his knees.

"Good evening," he said, and an awkward silence followed for some minutes.

"I say, Burlow," he then commenced in a hesitating sort of way, as though he had something to communicate, and was at a loss how to begin, "you've shifted your claim, I see. Had any luck?" and his glance seemed curiously anxious.

"Well," said James, acting his best, "it don't wash out much better, if at all better, than where we pitched first. We couldn't get a scrap the first day, and we haven't washed out much since; very little, in fact."

"I must say I don't think much of this place. I mean just about here," continued Brisbane; "and I haven't done any good by my move from Bendigo. Not but what I think it might be done farther up. In fact, I feel sure there's better country for it over there. Now my present mates are anything but speculative; in fact, are too slow, and, between ourselves, Saunders drinks too much for me to be comfortable with him. What are you going to do? I should like to join your party. I'm a sticker at work, and I'll tell you now what offer I can make; but, of course, this is private between us."

"O yes, but—"

"But stop a minute till you hear me out," said Brisbane, speaking rapidly in an undertone, and with apparently a growing anxiety in his manner. "I haven't done very well lately at Bendigo or here; I've got, however, forty-eight pounds. Now, if you'll let me join to share alike from the day we begin, I'll put that and seven ounces into your bag before I begin to come upon it, for you."

"But that wouldn't be fair or worth your while, besides—"

"Yes it would," said Brisbane, hurriedly. "Leave it to me; I *know* that we should be lucky, and I *know* that your lot know a great deal about it." He was looking askance at Burlow, but his eye fell as James turned his head. "That's my risk—that's my card to play. I've got a sort of superstition on it. I want to cut them and join you. Will you do it now? Say you will now before you speak to them." He was excited, and said this almost abjectly.

"Well," said Burlow, "our party's complete. Besides, we think really of giving up soon altogether for a while. I thank you, of course—but—"

"Then, curse you, don't!" exclaimed Brisbane, starting up erect with a serpentlike flash of rage in his eyes, and without word more he limped away.

This incident made James Burlow anxious, but he spoke of it only in general terms to his companions. As soon as it was dark they watched until light after light was extinguished in the tents about, then they put out theirs, and quietly drew the barrow within the tent. But not one of them closed his eyes or spoke above his breath that night, till silently and in the darkness they had dug a hole nearly six feet deep under the spot where their bed was pitched, and placed the nugget in the depth. Before filling it in, they one by one examined it at the bottom of its grave by the light of single lucifers. Then they buried it, and replaced the bed. The prize, as it afterwards proved, was nearly two feet and a half in length, at one part almost a foot in width, and contained nearly eighteen hundred ounces of pure gold.

They continued to work for a week after this, and obtained from the same place four more pieces of gold, the largest about ten ounces; but the anxiety inseparable from their position now overcame for the time their avidity to continue, and forced on a determination to take the gold they had already obtained to a place of safety. The most obvious plan appeared to be quietly to decamp with it to the nearest station of the Gold Escort. But the argument against this course was that its existence would thus become known, and a regular stampede of diggers would take place to Queensleigh; whereas, they hoped to return and work the place further, aided by Philip's lucky instinct, on a such but superstitious belief in which, strong avarice and the wildest expectations began to take root amongst them. They almost viewed the other diggers as robbing them, and daily feared to detect that some one had found the great pieces they were to win hereafter. After a conference they decided to start for Melbourne, giving out, if necessary, that they were simply bent upon a new move. At Melbourne each was to keep as a profound secret where they had found the gold. The nugget was got up, and carefully sewed in the sack, then placed in the middle of their little cart, and covered over with the tent and other things. When the next day dawned they had started.

The distance through the bush was about one hundred and twenty miles. In order to get well away they travelled the whole of the first day; and, the weather being beautifully clear, long after nightfall. All were well armed. The progress, however, was but slow, for the road had been adopted, not made. When they halted for the night they had hardly got more than five-and-thirty miles on the journey. Their rough little horse was soon fed and tied up, and they lay down to sleep, wrapped in their blankets, round the cart, one being appointed to watch, till, in turn, he should be relieved. Philip, excited beyond measure by the journey, was the most wakefully inclined of the party, and volunteered the first watch; he was to watch for two hours.

The cart was drawn up in the middle of a comparatively open space. The night was surpassingly still and beautifully clear; the moon shone with a perfect brilliancy. What a different aspect the bush bore to Philip now, from that it did when he passed through it at first by himself! The tall and tapering trees sleeping in the placid light—everything quiet around but the fever-beat of his own heart, wherein an anarchy of feelings reigned. He could see elegance now in the clean round trunks of the trees, among which the light streamed down so as to give an appearance of extent to the scene which seemed to leave him a freedom of breathing room. He could fancy them standing like columns, and ranging along aisles in Nature's own cathedral. On one side only they stood thickly and sombrely, and he could fancy this the sanctuary. He rose and paced about, full of such thoughts, and more than an hour passed quickly enough. Then he sat upon the shafts of the cart, and his thoughts took another turn. The gold, which all men's laws had made the mean of so much power, and of so much of all the happiness which each can give to other—was this, then, really to be for him only a first fruit? Whatever it was, it was verily his now; there was no speculation in this prize so far. A sensation rose within him which he could not check, and almost stealthily he rose, and passed his hand through the loose things piled upon the cart to where he knew the nugget lay, until he grasped one end, and he gave a tug against the fifth mass. His arm was thus hidden to the elbow; but his gaze was for the moment cast upon the spot where the trees grew in the thickest group, and to which his back had been turned as he sat. Almost insensibly his gaze centred on the trunks of the trees, and in a moment he saw that two faces were protruded from behind one of them, and were silently watching him. As he started, they were in an instant withdrawn.

Philip alarmed his companions, and they eagerly started to their feet. The next hour was an anxious one, but they could neither hear nor see anything of the visitants, whoever they may have been. Philip, however, was certain of what he had seen, and would not allow a suspicion that it was his fancy. They redoubled their vigilance and precautions, and did not meet with any other incident worth noting on the journey. On the fifth morning they were driving through the suburbs safely into Melbourne.

For the first time they now felt their possession secure. They had formally agreed to keep it as an implicit secret where they had found the gold, and they now reminded each other of the necessity. It had been determined first to show the nugget to the Governor, and they passed on through the crowded streets direct to his residence. As they neared it a carriage stood opposite the entrance, and the Governor came out and rapidly stepped into it. Before the horses could move, Philip in his excitement dashed forward to the door of the carriage, hurriedly begged his Excellency to stop for a moment, and blurting out the news that they had got the largest nugget which had ever been found to show him, turned as rapidly to get it from the cart.

"Eh? What?" said the Governor, good-naturedly, but clearly touched by the excitement, as he stepped again from the carriage. "Bring it in then, bring it in; where did you find it?"

In a minute they had it out of the cart, and followed the Governor into the house, and then into the nearest room, where they placed their burden on the table, and commenced ripping off the sack. The Governor left the room for a minute and stood in the hall calling his lady; and just at the moment that the nugget was uncovered, his young daughter, a little yellow-headed creature not more than five years old, ran into the room, and hers were the first eyes other than their own which had looked upon it. They asked her name, and she answered them "Barbara," and they called their prize the "Barbara Nugget."

The agreement to preserve their secret inviolate as to the particular place at which they had been so fortunate, was kept carefully by all of them. The excitement was great when the "Barbara Nugget" was exhibited at the Bank, where thousands went to view it. The mystery which they had set up about the locality where it was discovered had its natural result, and even on the first day the most ridiculous and exaggerated rumors were set afloat by the many who, having used every endeavor to draw from either of the companions the coveted intelligence, thought fit to cover their own failure with some simple invention of their own. It was said they had discovered it in an entirely new direction from any of the old diggings; they had found it in the possession of some natives far up the country, from whom they had taken it, not, it was whispered, without much bloodshed; they had purchased from a Chinese some mode of detecting where the gold lay in masses; and lastly, that one of the party possessed an unfailing method of judging where to seek, and of the natural signs whereby hitherto-unheard-of quantities might be found. There seemed to them a suspicious half truth in this rumor. The party became not only famous but notorious, and even when walking in the streets each one was stared at, and sometimes accosted and followed by the roughest-looking men, who would beg with a forced and anxious gentleness for any scrap of information. Indeed they more than suspected that they were regularly watched, that they might be followed should they set out to return. On the third morning, however, the following appeared in one of the newspapers:—

"The intelligence appears to have been made known that it was at Queensleigh, some newly discovered diggings not far from Bendigo, and 120 miles from this city, that the 'Barbara Nugget' now in the Bank was found. No sooner had this become known than the already great excitement was intensified, and several parties at once started for the place. It is believed that more than 100 persons left Melbourne for this purpose during the course of yesterday."

This information had not come from either of the companions, and there appeared but one way to account for it. The faces watching him, which Philip had seen as they came through the bush were remembered, and his alarm now believed. They must have belonged not to bushrangers frightened from hopes of ordinary booty by the precautions or strength of the party, but to some diggers who, perhaps noticing the sudden departure or on some other suspicion, had followed them to Melbourne from Queensleigh. It was, in truth, a bitter mortification, and they were viewing everything through a false medium then; yet it did not abate, but only modified the plan of their wild hopes. Wild indeed they were, for they were never to be fulfilled.

It was on the 22d of February that the notification appeared which had so much astonished them by its truth, and so disconcerted their cherished plan of returning to Queensleigh. They soon determined to start for another place, and thence to pursue their explorations for gold where they would be less hampered in their operations. The next week they spent in Melbourne with Burlow's family, and they proposed to set out again in the early days of March. All their arrangements went forward merrily enough, and they were full of hope and expectation.

On the 3d of March, in the evening just after dusk, Philip started, in company with a Mr. Towers, to walk into Melbourne, from a house in the outlying suburbs where they had been visiting. Their way was dreary enough, and over the sterile-looking flats which lay on the north of the city. When they reached a point on the road where several buildings had been commenced, but which stood unfinished, they shook hands and parted, Philip continuing his path past the unfinished houses; while his companion's route diverged at nearly right angles on the other side of them. Mr. Towers afterwards remembered that, when he had got about fifty yards from the corner where they had parted, he looked round and saw two men apparently gazing after him, as they stood on his side of the buildings. He lost sight of them as they passed round the houses. The incident seemed to him trivial at the time; but he remembered it afterwards.

Later on that night James Burlow was at home, quietly reading, when he was told that a man wanted to see him directly. He went out. The man was a messenger sent from the hospital to tell him that Philip Fraser had been brought in there in a dying condition. Burlow ran off to the place without waiting to ask questions. He ran all the way with the messenger; but he arrived only just in time to see Philip die.

When he entered the ward where Philip lay he was horror-stricken at the sight. There were only five beds in the lofty, gaunt room, in which there seemed to be no other furniture but each bed, like a little oasis of formal accommodation, set round with a dreadful bareness. On one of these pallets lay Philip, with his head far back upon the low pillow, and his eyes wide open glaring terribly upward. His face was deadly pale, and his lips; but his forehead, and one side of his face, were smeared with blood, where the poor fellow had put his hand up to his head. Three or four doctors were by the bed, two of whom were attending to his wounds, which could be seen (for his shirt and vest were torn open down to the waist,) one high up on his right breast, and another lower down, just under his ribs on the same side. He had been stabbed in these two places. Two or three nurses, or other people attached to the hospital, were standing near, looking on or assisting. The surgeons who were actually attending on him were one on each side of the bed; but the two other doctors stood on the right side, one of them holding his finger on the pulse. On the opposite side, bending over with the surgeon, was an inspector of the police, with an open note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other.

"Yes," said the inspector, drily and rapidly, as he entered a word in the note-book. "Short or tall, dark or fair? Pray allow me, gentlemen, one moment. I hardly caught the word."

"Tall," said the doctor beside him.

"Yes, tall," continued the inspector, over his note-book.

At this moment James Burlow came beside the bed. Philip's head just turned, and his eye met Burlow's with an intense and anxious look for one moment. The doctor who held Philip's wrist put out his arm across Burlow, who pressed forward.

"Don't disturb him, sir; it's useless. There is an internal hemorrhage. He is going now." And as he spoke he laid the hand he held gently down upon the bed. Philip was dead.

"H'm," muttered the inspector, raising his eyebrows and looking blankly on his note-book as he closed it and pushed the little pencil into its place. "We shall never track him with this;" and he turned away.

As the nurses were putting a screen round the horrid sight, James Burlow laid his hand on the inspector's shoulder and drew him aside.

"He was found by one of our men, sir, on the pathway out on Bowes Road, and brought here at once. He was very far gone, but could articulate a little, and seemed anxious to speak; but all he could say was very incoherent. His first word was 'Burlow,' so we went for you. He wasn't robbed: his watch was in his pocket. He was undoubtedly murdered; he clearly answered me that; and I have noted down here every word he said, at least all we could make out. See:—'Murdered near empty houses.—Very suddenly pinioned from behind.—Second assailant said he would have the secret of my gold, or my life.—Had heard me speak it in the tent—(repeated three times.) Not Bendigo, Queensleigh.—No, at Bendigo.' Then he said something about his father and 'Major;' but whether he meant 'Major' as a name, or as in the army, I couldn't get to understand.—Then, 'Secret of the gold.—Could not tell him—Second man stabbed me—tall'—And there it ends. I show it you just as I made the memorandum. But, sir, we can never track him out by this!" And he closed the little book.

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

Only by gathering together these facts and arranging them as I have done can I make manifest the truth of my convictions in this matter. Only when each occurrence is fitted into its place have the widely sundered links in the chain of truth been brought together. All that my nephew thought and knew, and which he had concealed from every one but me, was stilled on the spot by his death; for the few words he did say could not be understood then as I can understand them. I did not see these till I had the opportunity, which I had long desired, of meeting Mr. James Burlow, and with him weighing over the information in Philip's letters to me, and in as much of his journal as I have. Then, with the knowledge of all my poor sister told me about the disgrace at Bareilly, when Cutler was cashiered; his duel before the court-martial closed its sitting, and when John Fraser was his second; and of all the probable ignominy which was smothered up when John Fraser died,—with the knowledge of this, I could detect a new value in every incident. I can see how the base motive grew like a weed in Cutler's nature. My conviction is strong that the murderer's name was William Brisbane Cutler. Human law may never claim its due from him; but the dread claim will be made by that law which cannot be evaded.

P. K. J. Sheston.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The enormous increase in the prices of paper, ink, &c., has at length compelled us to discontinue our club rates. Prices are now so fluctuating, though tending upwards constantly, that we hardly know what to do. We may have to advance the price of single subscriptions from two dollars to two dollars and a half or three dollars—clubbing at or over two dollars—but at present think it best simply to drop our club rates.

THE REBEL INVASIONS.

As it seems that further invasions of Maryland and Pennsylvania are to be apprehended, we think it absolutely necessary that some tried and able general should be placed in command on the border.

It should also be fully understood whether Pennsylvania is to receive assistance from the Federal armies in defending herself, or whether she is mainly to rely upon her own right arm. If the latter, we think she should be excused from furnishing her quota of the draft recently ordered.

It is not only the mere raising of an army of so many thousand men that is to be considered—it is the enormous expense of raising and maintaining such armies. That expense properly should fall upon the whole Union, for in protecting our own border we are protecting all north of us—but Pennsylvania can scarcely consent to be made to play the *role* that Virginia does for the rebels, even if it should suit the general strategy of the campaign.

It is evident that there has been some very bad management of late on the border. It is folly to suppose that the militia of any state, hastily gathered, can be a match for the trained soldiers of the rebel armies. Our state authorities ought to learn where we stand upon this matter of state defence, and, if we are to protect ourselves, organize at once a permanent force of at least 30,000 men for the purpose. Around such a regular force the militia could rally, and be of great service—without such a trained nucleus, the raw militia will be almost useless.

So much if we are to defend ourselves. But our conviction is that there will be no wisdom shown in throwing the burden of defence upon us. The General Government having been given the direct power of drafting men, should raise armies sufficiently large for both offensive and defensive purposes. Why should thirty or fifty thousand men be kept idly on the borders of any state, when no invasion is menaced? But

if a mere state force, it will be kept so. Why should any one state be compelled to shoulder the burden of defending a border which is the common border of all? Besides, these large military state organizations may be liable to clash with the Federal organizations—especially where political differences exist.

We think it is all wrong—and that the results will prove it. But the border states must be defended—and if it does not suit the Federal power to do it, they must defend themselves. They cannot allow their towns to be burned and their borders laid waste.

REBEL BARBARITY.

Our troops have raided through Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia—and, for that matter, probably through every state in rebellion—and yet they have never threatened the rebel cities and towns with destruction, unless a ransom were paid, or burned private property without cause as the rebels did Chambersburg. A late notice of Rousseau's recent raid in Alabama and Georgia, says:—

"A distinguishing feature of Gen. Rousseau's expedition is the kindness and courtesy extended by him to all whom he encountered. He refused to burn a gun factory, being apprehensive that it might injure a rebel town; he paroled Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, of the Tenth Texas Cavalry, at the request of the ladies; he personally superintended the destruction of Confederate property to prevent the flames from reaching private houses; and his conduct was marked by that suavity which is his characteristic, but greatly surprised those who had been taught to believe that a Union army was the synonym of lawlessness and plunder. The good effect of his expedition will be felt in disabusing the Southern mind of its false impressions, as well as in the material advantages which were gained by it."

The *Montgomery Advertiser*, a rebel sheet, admits the same thing—cautioning its readers not to "be deceived by Rousseau's pretended regard for private property and the rights of citizens."

Has our government informed the rebel leaders that if they set such examples as those of Chambersburg and Hagerstown, our raiding parties will be instructed to follow them?

THE ENGLISH CARS.

The English begin to see, enlightened by several recent outrages, the disadvantages of their railway cars, divided as they are into isolated compartments. Some suggest the American car, and others at least the American cord, enabling any one to stop the cars at any moment. Others think the latter would not do, as the cars would be continually stopped on trivial pretexts. No such bad results are experienced in this country—but probably our people, as a general thing, are more intelligent. Still there might be some legal penalty annexed to trifling with the cord, which would render the importance of not meddling with it on slight grounds, intelligible to the common understanding.

THE NEW LOAN.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the new United States Loan. Judging by the indications so far, this loan promises to be very successful. Already a large demand for the last loan has sprung up in Germany, and we may expect that the foreign demand will increase as the remunerative character of the United States loans becomes better known to the capitalists of Europe.

A FROLIC.

A Congressional Coast Defence Committee—and probably a large number of their friends—are about to take a frolic, under the pretence of visiting and inspecting the defences on the seacoast. If it is to be at Uncle Sam's expense, we object to the project.

☞ When and How to Find Fault.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused persons may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and a regard to the feelings, constitute that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence, and if you must then reprove, it will not be under the influence of anger.

☞ The Invisible Writing.—The plan of writing with rice-water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practiced with great success in the correspondence during the late war in India. The first letter of this kind was received from Jellalabad, concealed in a quill. On opening it a small paper was unfolded, on which appeared only a single word, "Iodine." The magic liquid was applied, and an important despatch from Sir Robert Sale stood forth.

☞ A witness, in his eagerness to leave the court-room, forgot his manners, and put on his hat before he had quite reached the door. A surly officer standing by cried out, gruffly, "Take your hat off!" "I am taking myself off as fast as I can," was the reply; "and if you have no objection, I will take my hat off with me."

☞ Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth a man met a farmer in the neighborhood, and said to him: "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet!" "Oh! ay," said the farmer, he is dead! but, then, nae doubt wife'll carry on t' business, and mak it as profitable as ever it war."

☞ To Destroy House Flies.—It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper, not red, is a poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extant:—Take equal proportion of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk (a little cream is better;) keep that in your room and it will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poison is, that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and never die in the house—the windows being open.

☞ The number of rebel prisoners now held in various prisons and forts exceed 62,000, of whom 4,000 are officers. It is stated that the rebels have less than 30,000 of our men.

A New Life.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Chestnut Grove Cottage, August 4, 1864.

Dear Editor—My last letter was written on my first night in my new home—this is to be my last spent in Chestnut Grove Cottage. I am going to take my departure in the morning—because the mistress and maid did not suit each other.

I gave you an account of my first day. I will pass over the second, as it was the day of rest. On Monday, just as the sun was peeping through the mist, I was awakened by a call at the foot of the stairs. I hastened down, and was informed that it was wash-day, and that in future I must rise earlier, and not wait to be called.

I was determined to give my place a fair trial, and endeavoring to keep my hasty speech in check, took up the only book I ever saw about the house—the Almanac—and sat down to await breakfast.

My mistress cast quick glances at me as she jerked first one side, then the other, of the cloth she was spreading—then clash went the cutlery in their places. She seemed to wish for an opportunity to vent her spleen on my innocent head—for, Mr. Editor, how did I know I was expected to get up several hours before my usual time?

At last the storm broke. Stopping in her way from the table to the stove, she faced me—her nostrils reminding me of a high-spirited horse sniffing the air.

"Is this the way you're goin' to help? If you 'spect I'm goin' to do the work, an' have you settin' round dressed up in them white things, as if you was the missus an' me the hired gal, you're mighty much mistaken, miss."

As soon as I could find breath to speak I meekly replied, that I had no house-dress but wrappers, and they were all white; but I was willing to do any thing she would tell me.

She left the room, but soon returned, bringing in her hand some articles, which she directed me to "rig in."

Not wishing to offend, I retired to my attic and robed; reminding myself of the jackdaw and his borrowed plumage. My mistress being very tall, her dress was several inches too long in waist and skirt, and loose in proportion—and the width was such that I was compelled to dispense with my extension. It was a faded calico, decorated with various patches of different sizes and shapes, and some of another color. An old check apron completed my disguise. The gathers of the apron were spread so that they met behind on me, making me feel like a pillow in its check casement.

I returned to the kitchen and was greeted with "Now you look somepun like work—go, fetch the tubs and git ready for washin'—there's been 'nough time lost." I brought the tubs, and by main strength succeeded in half-filling one at the well, and taking some of the clothes from the basket, commenced a vigorous rubbing, when I was startled by the sharp tones of my mistress. "Goodness me—if she ain't washin' the colud things *first*—an' cold water—an' no soap—an' no wash-board—well, if that don't beat all ever I hearn tell on—la, sakes, gal, where did you git your broughtin' up? I allers hearn tell that it was a trial to 'pend on hired gals—git out the way 'til I start you."

In a few moments I was placed at another tub and directed to rub the things on the board. I worked diligently for a short time, and finding it rather painful to my unsophisticated knuckles, tried to keep the garments between them and the board, but, in spite of all, before I was summoned to breakfast, my poor hands were bleeding and sore. I could not help sitting down to shed a few tears of sympathy—in which situation I was found by my worthy mistress.

I was excused from further work then, and bandaging my wounds, I nursed them that day and the two following, much against the wishes of my mistress. The next morning I was told I must iron.

I heated the irons, firmly resolved to succeed better with that than I had done with the washing—but, alas, the first touch burnt the bosom of my master's only white shirt—what could I do? I lamented bitterly my poor luck, and concluded that my place would not suit me. My mistress coming in at the moment, seeing the catastrophe, came to the same conclusion, and told me to "pack right off," "she'd seen 'nough of hired gals"—I was the "fust" and I should be the last she'd have, but I'd have to stay until Hez, the son, could take me to the cars—which could not be for several days. I spent that time in looking at the surrounding country. I wrote to the second name on my list and that place not being filled, I engaged to commence operations in that quarter to-morrow, and I sincerely hope I shall meet with better success. The old adage says practice makes perfect—I have had one week's practice, so I will not despair. I will now bid you a kind good-night. Yours most respectfully, G. M.

☞ The slur upon the people of Pennsylvania that "when the foe is upon them in arms, they call to the rest of the world to come and and fight for them," comes with a very bad grace from a city like New York, which required the government at Washington to take from the field the troops which were defending the Union, to prevent its own metropolitan mob from destroying it.

☞ The new stamp duties went into operation on the first instant. It concerns everybody to know that all receipts for amounts over twenty dollars, and *all* checks or drafts at sight, *whatever the amount*, must have a two-cent stamp.

☞ Two substitute brokers in Newark have been under arrest for trying to cheat the Provost Marshal. They procured an old man in Albany, over fifty years of age, and, after dying his hair, attempted to pass him off upon the Common Council Committee as young and vigorous. There being no law under which the parties could be held, they were discharged.

☞ The Register General of England has from the census returns picked out some choice gems, a few of which we select for the amusement of our readers: Jane Stickalorum, wife of a weaver; Pay Day, engineer; Tunerie Henrica Ulric de Gloria de Lavinia Rebecca Turner, wife of a book-keeper; Matilda French Onion; Sausassaparell Scamp, tinker (in plain English, Unequalled Scamp;) Hostinlinia Iphigenia Hyspheile, daughter of a carpenter; Raphashenesh Dayton, cooper; Acts Apostles Tong; Betsy Toast Divine; Sampson Catchaside Kitchen; First Son Jones; Prince Albert Gammon; and Albertena Regina Victoria Gotha Bolt.

☞ Irish conversational weapons—Arrahs!

☞ A Model Fish—The seal-in-wax.

An Extraordinary Story.

A correspondent of the Halifax (N. S.) *Sun*, writing from Bathurst, details an extraordinary circumstance. A farmer near the town, (which is in Gloucester county,) named James Mulock, was for three years and a half confined to his bed through extreme emaciation. Medical assistance was in vain, and he lingered and lingered, until a gipsy woman offered to cure him for $100. The offer was accepted, and a younger brother of the invalid, named Charles, thus describes her mode of treatment:

"We went with her to her camp. Immediately after entering we had some bread and ham, Jim and I both eating heartily. After dinner the gipsy said she wished to speak with me alone. I went into the woods back from the camp, when she at once asked me if I was willing that Jim should be handcuffed and his feet bound, and to submit altogether to her. I said I was not. 'Then,' said she, 'it's no use wasting words about the matter; if you don't do so he'll never be cured.' I asked her to explain herself; she said she would not. I at last consented, thinking to myself there can be nothing wrong while I am here. At ten we had some salt pork fried, and good bread. Next morning, on waking, after a very watchful night, for I never closed my eyes, I found Jim tied up. He seemed rather put out, but the gipsy told him at once that she had done so because he was to suffer a good deal of pain before being cured. I assented to this. He said he was willing to go through with it, since he had begun. We had breakfast, salt pork and bread. I fed Jim, and we laughed at the farce, as we considered it. I had no faith at all in her.

"After breakfast I talked with the gipsy, and asked what she meant; told her I was no child, and must either know her plans or I would unloose Jim, and go home again. She then told me that she knew that Jim had some living reptile in him, and that the only way to cure him was to feed him with salt food for a day or two, and then stop him from drinking altogether, when the animal would come out to seek water. She had cured others, but I must expect to see him suffer awful pain and torture when his water was stopped, but it would be only for twenty-four or thirty hours. I went to Jim, told him all, and asked him if he was willing to undergo it. Said he: 'Charley, that woman has it—I'll stand it.' Well that day passed—salt pork and bread, and Jim a very limited supply of water; the next day the same, till after dinner, when the water was completely stopped. Now commenced the work. He begged and prayed for water; he howled till he was hoarse. The woman then gave him a drink of what I considered water, but which she told me afterwards was salt pork fat melted, with water on the top. He drank it in a few mouthsfull, and in a few minutes more he was worse than ever. He begged me to shoot him, to drown him, to do anything with him, only not leave him in that state. Towards evening he became quite out of his mind; water and springs was all he raved about. He lay that way for some time, almost until morning, when he got into a high fever. I got alarmed, and told the gipsy I thought it had gone far enough; that Jim was too weak to stand it. She told me I could do as I liked, but if I would leave him two hours longer I would see whether she or the doctors were right. She likewise told me that if I loosed him he would kill himself drinking at the first water we met. I tried her.

"In about an hour after she asked me to drag him to a spring a few rods away from the camp. We got him beside it. She laid his head with his lips almost touching the water; she took up a birch pannikin, and commenced lifting up water and letting it fall just before his lips. He was all this time quiet as if he were dead; sometimes only he gave a slight shiver, his mouth wide open, and his eyelids opened and shut; the white of the eye only was seen. After about ten minutes she said to me: 'Now who is right? But keep quiet.' I leaned over and saw a large green lizard peeping out of his mouth; it did not seem as if it wanted to come out, but drew itself in again. 'It will come out again,' said the gipsy. While she was speaking, two lizards glided out of his mouth into the water. The gipsy quietly killed one with a stick, and I killed the other. We waited again for five minutes, when three came out, but not together. These we killed, although one almost escaped from the water to his mouth ere it was completely despatched. We then waited nearly an hour longer, but no more made their appearance. The gipsy then said: 'There's no more,' and proceeded to pour water on Jim's forehead. She did so twenty minutes. She then gave him about a spoonful of water to drink: it actually hissed in his mouth. She kept him confined that day and half the next before she let him free, gradually increasing his allowance of water."

Such is the story told by Mr. Charles Mulock, and although I am not personally acquainted with the gentleman, I am informed that he is one of the last men in the country to tell a wilful untruth. One fact, however is clear—his brother has completely recovered his health, and not only his health, but his flesh, and now weighs 160 pounds, his former weight being only 75. The lizards are of a bottle green color, about five inches long, red eyes, and forked tongues. There is a peculiarity about them different from the ordinary lizard tribe, there being only two feet, and sloping thence in a wedge into a tail. Two of them have been preserved in spirits, and forwarded to Prof. Agassiz, of Harvard University. One is preserved in spirits, and is kept in Mr. Ferguson's office, and the other two were forwarded to Prof. Jack, who has written to a legal gentleman here, to say that these are the only specimens he has ever met with, with the exception of one found in the Museum of the University of Munich, that is called the *Lacerta homo*, in the language of the schools; and the Munich specimen was supposed to be the only one extant, although it was well known to the ancients. "The description given by Pythagoras," says he, "I have read with your specimens before me, and I have yet failed to discover in any respect the slightest difference in their formation of color." He thinks that Mr. Mulock must have received them in an embryotic state by some of those mysterious secrets that are found in every path of science. A species, he says, corresponding to it, is unknown to live on land, and all naturalists have agreed that it requires the local action of the human stomach to produce it.

This is, he says, the only explanation that can be offered that is not unphilosophical: his parallel is clear and striking. He says: "The pine forest is cut down, its own species seldom appears upon the same soil, but birch, poplar, and small shrubbery succeed; these again, in their turn, being destroyed, are succeeded by the whortle, bramble, and raspberry," and argues that a certain local cause found in unison with a certain developed germ is necessary to produce such an effect; that in this way only the lizard was produced, contrary to the opinion of various ancient writers and common vulgar belief, that they are received into the system by drinking water, or some other natural cause of that description. He has likewise sent to the same gentleman a series of questions to propound to the gipsy:—Where the other cases occurred?—were they similar in formation to those? &c. &c.—he having been put in possession of all the facts when the specimens were sent him.

THE MONEY ORDER SYSTEM.

Important Order to Subscribers to Newspapers, &c.

In the notes or instructions of the Postmaster-General, lately issued in explanation of the new postal law, there is contained some information upon the "money order system" lately adopted but not yet put in force. The principal regulations are these:—

The Deputy Postmaster at any money order office may issue in prescribed form an order for a sum of money, payable by the Deputy Postmaster of any other money order office which the party applying therefor may select. The Deputy Postmaster issuing such order shall notify the Deputy Postmaster on whom he draws, and he shall not deliver such order to the applicant unless he first deposit the amount of his order, together with the fee.

The order shall not be valid unless in a printed or engraved form, which forms shall be supplied by the Postmaster-General.

No money order shall be issued for less than one dollar or more than thirty dollars, and the following fees are to be charged therefor, viz:—For orders of one dollar and not exceeding ten dollars, ten cents; for orders exceeding ten dollars and not exceeding twenty dollars, fifteen cents; for orders exceeding twenty dollars, twenty cents.

Orders not presented within ninety days from date shall be invalid. The Postmaster-General has discretionary power, in cases of loss or delays in presentation of orders, on payment of a second fee and presentation of certificates, to issue second orders.

Second orders may be transferred by indorsement, and the amount collected on identification of the indorsee. More than one indorsement shall render an order invalid, and require the issue of a new order.

Deputy Postmasters are allowed a commission of one-third of the fees received on orders issued; and, in addition to this, at the option of the Postmaster-General, one-eighth of one per cent. on gross amount of orders paid at their offices.

When this system gets into operation it will be found very safe and convenient, enabling parties to transmit small sums to their correspondents with certainty and without risk of loss. The amount that can be transmitted is small, showing that the plan is for the benefit of those classes who do not have extensive commercial transactions. The limitation of the amount to be sent to thirty dollars will be found, when this system goes into operation, too low. Very probably efforts will be made, at future sessions of Congress, to have it increased to fifty dollars or more.

Don't Rock the Baby.

If all the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge, the man who invented rocking cradles for children, rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The down-right murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brains of hundreds of thousands of adults, are the undoubted results of his invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or to swing him in a crib, amounts to just this: the rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood, and produces stupor or drowsiness. Can any suppose for a moment that such an operation is a healthful one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effect of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle. It is equivalent to lying in a berth during a violent storm, and that sickens nine people out of ten. A very gentle, slow motion may sometimes be soothing, though always of doubtful expediency; but to move a cradle as rapidly as the swing of a pendulum three feet long—that is, once in a second—is positive cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arm of the mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum a foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions, or consider them whimsical, we beg her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and have some one swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradle to be rocked. What she will experience in both head and stomach is just what the infant experiences.

We insist that the rocking of children is a useless habit. If not accustomed to rocking, they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not, there is trouble from sickness or hunger, or more likely from an overloaded stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble is made worse thereafter by the unnatural means taken to produce quiet for the time being.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

American Artillery.

A special correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from Paris, makes the following statement:

"During the fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama, the Emperor received dispatches every fifteen minutes, at the Palace of Fontainebleau, of the progress of the fight, as it had been arranged beforehand. His Majesty ever since has taken the keenest interest in everything relating to the victorious ship, and especially her artillery, of which he has made a thorough examination. It is generally admitted that this fight demonstrates that the artillery of the French and English navies is defective, if not altogether worthless, and that a total revolution must be the result. The large rifled guns must be replaced with monster smooth-bore guns, and the fighting at close quarters maintained. The excitement on the subject in naval quarters is intense, and the decks of the Sacramento and Kearsarge are crowded with army and naval officers whenever they are in port."

☞ Valuable Information, Very!—Galignani says:—"Many persons inquire what is the meaning of the word Kearsarge, the name of the vessel which sunk the Alabama. Kearsarge is a river in the southern part of North America, falling into the bay of Vera Cruz!"

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac the situation in the front is reported unchanged. The rebels exploded a mine under one of our works on Friday afternoon, but very little damage was done.

Mobile is reported to be under bombardment by Admiral Farragut. A letter of the 30th ult., in the New York Herald, states that forts Gaines and Morgan had been passed. The bombardment continued for three days.

Hagerstown was evacuated by the rebels on Saturday morning. The enemy is said to have retired along the Potomac, in the direction of Shoppardstown. No depredations were committed.

A fight at Osceola, Arkansas, on the 3d, between eight hundred rebels and a Union force, resulted in the defeat of the former, with the loss of their commander and many killed and wounded.

An expedition from Pensacola on the 20th ult. routed the rebels at fort Hobson, sixteen miles distant, and captured a large quantity of stores, guns, ammunition, &c.

A movement to attack Fort Scott, Arkansas, was made by the rebels on the 1st, but they were attacked by Gen. Thayer a short distance from the fortifications, and were completely routed.

A Louisiana dispatch states that fires are burning in Atlanta, and it is supposed that Hood is destroying his stores.

The latest news from Gen. McCook's cavalry expedition is highly encouraging, and lessens the extent of the disaster. Gen. McCook has himself reached Marietta with 1,300 men. A squad of 300 had reached the same point a short time previous. The missing will not now exceed 800.

Heart's Content, in Trinity Bay, has been selected as the place for landing the new Atlantic cable.

English Political Defects.—Mr. Thomas Hughes, (Tom Brown,) has declined to become a candidate for Finbury, England, at the next election. In a letter announcing this determination, Mr. Hughes says: "I have given up the idea of standing; upon careful inquiry I found that the expense could not be reckoned at less than £1,000. I have no right to spend such a sum for such a purpose; but were I a rich man, to whom the expense would be a matter of indifference, I should hesitate, on public grounds, before giving it to a system which I believe injurious to the country."

Sending Back Goods.—The week's *exports* from New York of domestic produce and miscellaneous goods have been to the enormous amount of $8,236,012, against only $3,338,498 same week last year. Included in the week's exports were produce and merchandise to the value of $2,319,452 to Liverpool; $1,581,906 to London; $786,479 to Bremen, and $476,318 to Havre, as the largest items of the return.

☞ The Chicago Tribune says there is more than double the amount of wheat in store now in that city than there was a year ago, and the same may be said of corn. This is the result of over speculation, by which prices have been run up to such a height that shippers are not disposed to take hold.

☞ A certain Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and this box received stores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toyman. He was not a little surprised, however, one Sunday, to find a country note crushed in among the weight of copper coin. He was not long in finding it to be of a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his mates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift. "Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?" "Yes," answered the boy. "Then what did you put it in the box for?" "I didn't spose the little heathen would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

☞ Washington Irving's characteristic was quiet humor: mild enough, but quaint; as when he said to a gentleman who, in a thunderstorm, declined to take shelter under a tree, having promised to his father, who had been once hit, never to do so. "Oh, that makes all the difference in the world. If it is hereditary, and runs in the family, you are wise."

☞ A rebel letter from Atlanta says:—"A facetious soldier explains the unexpected and dove-like civility of the Yankees for the past few days. He says that the limits of the Confederacy are so contracted by our retrograde across the river, that they refrain from firing, especially with 'lamp-posts' and 'quartermaster dispatches' for fear of injuring their friends at Andersonville and posts on the coast."

☞ Incredible as it may seem, many of the richest planters in Jamaica live on coffee grounds.

☞ Musical prodigies are constantly making their appearance in Europe. The latest is a Portugese boy, named Ferreira, who plays upon his hands, using no other instrument. He does not whistle at all; it is pure flute-playing. The notes are produced on the left hand, and he plays upon it with his right. The four fingers of the left hand are opened like the letter V—two fingers on each side. The mouth is inserted in the opening, so that the tips of the fingers come near the eyes. The thumb of the right hand is placed on the palm of the left, and the fingers play freely, as it seems, in the air, but they affect every note. If the reader attempts to produce a musical sound that way he will probably fail, but Ferreira produces two octaves and a half. His *fortissimo* is tremendously strong, and his *pianissimo* as faint as the distant warbling of the lark.

☞ Graduating School Hours.—One of the Kindergartens in Boston has adopted the system of graduating the school hours to the age and advancement of the pupils, and the results have been most favorable. The youngest children come only from 9 to 12 A. M.; those next them come one hour in the afternoon also, and oldest two hours.

☞ In God's husbandry all faithful labor brings its own reward to the laborer, even if it does not accomplish the end he had in view.

☞ The Turkish flag is to be altered. Instead of the red ground and white crescent, as heretofore, the colors are green ground and red ball in the centre, in the middle of which will be a white crescent.

☞ A veritable soft-soap mine has been discovered in California. The soap, when taken from the mine, is as soft as putty, but hardens on exposure to the air. It should have been located at Washoe.

THE BRIDGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ION.

Six years have flown and yet the stream
Still gurgles 'neath the rough-hewn beam
Which, stretched across from sod to sod,
My childish steps had trembling trod.
But now with steady tread and slow
I pass the mimic flood below,
And pause to contemplate the whirl
Where bubbles brighter than the pearl
In ceaseless motion form and break,
Whilst others follow in their wake,
Like human joys which hurry by,
Like human hopes which ever fly,
Like thrilling pressures of the lip
Which fade away whilst yet we sip.
Thus all terrestrial things decay,
And thus all bubbles float away.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXV.

A FLOURISHING COMPANY.

The Great Wheal Bang Mining Company had its offices in a commodious and irreproachable quarter of the City. If I give the familiar name, Wheal Bang, instead of the difficult one Chwddyn, which can only be spelt from copy, letter by letter, and perhaps wrongly then, it is to save myself and my readers trouble. Not being Welsh, they might find a difficulty in arriving at the accurate pronunciation, just as I do at the spelling. The promoter of the Great Wheal Bang Mining Company, Mr. Barker, occupied sumptuous apartments in Piccadilly; and his copartner in the scheme, as Mark Cray was to all intents and purposes now, flourished in his mansion in Grosvenor Place.

The offices were undeniable in their appointments. Situation, width of staircase, size of rooms, decorations, furniture, attendants; all were of the first water. People who play with the money of others do not in general go to work sparingly; and speculating schemes entail an outlay, if the gloss on the surface, essential to the attracting of the public, or supposed to be essential to it, is laid on with a lavish hand. These schemes, springing up now and again in London, to the beguilement of the unwary—one in about every ten of which may succeed in the end, but not more—have been so well described by abler pens than mine that I might hesitate even to touch upon them, were it not that the story cannot conveniently get on without, and that I have a true tale to tell. How many hearts have been made to ache from the misery entailed by these uncertain ventures, ushered in with so much pomp and flourish, so full a promise of prosperity; and how many heads, unable to bear the weight of the final ruin, have been laid low in the grave, God alone will ever know. They have ruined thousands in body; they have ruined some in soul: and the public is not yet tired of them, and perhaps will not be to the end of time.

If you never had the chance of going to bed at night a poor man, and waking up in the morning with a larger fortune than could be counted, you might have it now. You had only to enter largely into the Great Wheal Bang Company, become the successful possessor of a number of its shares, and the thing was accomplished. For the world was running after it, and some of the applicants were successful in their application for allotments; and some were unsuccessful, and these last went away with a face as long as the Wheal Bang's own prospectus, growling out a prophecy of all manner of ill-fortune for it. Their grapes were sour. The shares were up in the market to a fabulous premium, and a man might take half a dozen into Capel Court and come out of it with his pockets stuffed full of gold.

Mark Cray's money had effected wonders: or rather his wife's, for hers it was. A great many of these magnificent projects are nipped ignobly in the bud, through want of a little ready money to set them fairly going. But for Mrs. Cray's thousands, which Mark took French leave in the onset to promise to it, Mr. Barker's mine of gold might never have been heard of by the world, and Mr. Barker's name had not attained to its enviable pre-eminence. These thousands did it all. They got up the company, they set the mine a-working, they paid for the costly offices, they dazzled the eyes of the public; they gave earnest of present wealth; they seemed to assure future success. Certainly if any mine had ever a fair prospect of realizing a golden fruition, it appeared to be the Great Wheal Bang. The working of it had begun most promisingly, and every success was fairly looked for. In calling it a gold mine just now, you of course understood that it was speaking metaphorically; for gold mines are not yet common among us, even in Wales. This very valuable mine (as it could but turn out to be) was not rich in gold, but in lead: and, as we all know, the one is speedily converted into the other. The previous autumn, in consequence of some trifling difficulty in London, Mr. Barker found it convenient to enter on a temporary sojourn at a distance; and he penetrated to a remote district of South Wales. While there, with the good luck which as that gentleman believed he was born to, and should some time realize, a vein of lead was discovered of a most promising nature, in which he contrived to secure a large interest; and he undertook to get up a company for the working of it.

How he would have accomplished this, or whether he ever would have accomplished it, is doubtful, had he not found a coadjutor in Mark Cray, and an aid in Mark's money. Mark resigned the control of the money to him, and Mr. Barker did not spare it. No earthly adjunct was wanting to ensure the success of the scheme, provided the mine only realized its present promises.

Has anybody, who may happen to read this, ever been an actor in the getting a newly-discovered mine into working order? If so, he may remember the money it cost. How it ran out of the hands, like water that is poured through a broad-necked funnel, disappearing nobody knew where, and leaving little trace to show for it! How the pounds went, and the hundreds went, and the thousands went—if the company for working it was fortunate enough to possess thousands to go—he may not recollect without wincing to this hour. Mark Cray's thousands went. But ere they had come quite to an end, the Great Wheal Bang Company was in full operation in London, the shareholders had answered to their calls, and the money was flowing in.

No lack of money to be feared then. And the operations at the mine were increased to a grander scale, and the returns were certain to be without parallel, and Mr. Barker was in a glow of triumph, and Mark Cray in a state of ecstatic delight, and the lucky shareholders shot up sixteen scales in the ladder of society. How many set up their carriages on the strength of their future riches, it is beyond my power to tell. The money flowed down to the mine and the works went on beautifully, and the specimens of ore that came up to town were said to be more valuable than any ore ever was before. As to Mr. Barker and Mark, their expenses were not deemed worthy of a thought; with all that money going out weekly for the mine, personal expenditure was but as a drop of water in the ocean; and of course it was unnecessary to think of limiting theirs. Mrs. Cray, with her vanity and her love of display, was in the seventh heaven, and Mark looked back to his prosy life at Hallingham, and wondered how he had endured it. He wondered how any of the doctors, left there, endured it, and pitied them from his heart. The thousand or fifteen hundred a-year he once thought to enter upon as successor to Dr. Davenal's practice, was recollected with contempt now.

This much must be said for the Great Wheal Bang Company—that its projectors were at least honest in their belief of its genuineness. In that, they differed from some other companies we have heard of, which have turned out to be nothing but a swindle—if you will excuse the word—from the earliest commencement, the very first dawning dream of their projectors. Mr. Barker was of that strangely sanguine nature, which can only be compared to a mania, in the mind where it exists; seeing a fortune in the wildest scheme, plunging head and heart and creed into the most improbable speculation; and Mark, an utter tyro in mines, and all that concerns them, including companies, saw only with Barker's eyes. When Mr. Barker assured the entranced shareholders that one hundred pounds put into the Great Wheal Bang would multiply tenfold and tenfold, he spoke only the sanguine belief of his heart. When Mark Cray declared to his brother Oswald that a thousand pounds embarked in it by him would make him a rich man for life, he asserted the honest truth according to his conviction. No wonder the two gentlemen promoters were eloquent.

Mark had made several visits to the scene of the mines, and he came back each time with (if possible) renewed assurance of the brilliant future, with increased ardor. Had the Chancellor of the Exchequer obligingly made Mark an impromptu present of a hundred thousand pounds, Mark would have flung it broadcast into the mine, did the mine thirst for it. He did not understand these things in the least; and the perpetual bustle going on, the number of the miners, even the very money paid in wages and such like needful expenses, was to Mark only an earnest of the rich returns that were to come hereafter. Mark would go back to London in a glowing state, and send his friends the shareholders into a fever, longing to realize the prosperity that seemed so close at hand. The weekly reports overwhelmed other weekly reports with envy, and created a furore in the speculating world. Some of the shareholders who understood mines, or thought they did, better than Mark, went down to the Principality, and examined into the state of things for themselves; they found them quite satisfactory, and came away as charmed as Mark. In point of fact prospects did look well; the lead was of an unusually good quality, and there seemed no reason whatever to anticipate anything but success. Caroline had accompanied her husband once to the mines; but the stay there (putting prospects aside) did not please her; it was "rough," she told Mark, and it was very dull at the little inn; and she was glad to come away from it all ere the second day was over.

Perhaps the only person within the circle of Mark Cray's acquaintance not bitten by the Wheal Bang fever, was Miss Davenal. Even Oswald Cray was to succumb at last. He would not become a shareholder; he was too cautious a man to enter upon possible future liabilities, the extent of which no human being could foretell; but he did feel inclined to put a thousand pounds into Mark's hands, and tell him to do the best with it. It may almost be said that Oswald was worried into doing this. Mark would not let him rest. At the onset of the affair, when the glorious prospects of the Wheal Bang were first astonishing the world, Mark had urged Oswald to become one of them; a director, or at least a shareholder; but Oswald had turned a deaf ear. He felt greatly vexed at Mark's imprudence at abandoning Hallingham and his profession, leaving a certainty for an uncertainty; he felt more than vexed at the manner in which Mrs. Cray's money was disposed of, so entirely opposed to the dying injunction of Dr. Davenal, so opposed (Oswald deemed) to all wisdom and prudence; and he set his face resolutely against the Wheal Bang. But Oswald was but mortal. As the weeks and months went on and the mines became to all appearance valuable, the company flourishing, and Mark, in conjunction with others, dinned for ever into Oswald's ear the fortune he might make at it, Oswald began to waver. He had a thousand pounds laid by, and he felt half inclined to risk it; Mark overpersuaded him; and his visit to the Messrs. Knollys's office the day he encountered Sara Davenal, was for the purpose of making certain inquiries of those gentlemen relating to the Wheal Bang.

Not so with Miss Bettina Davenal. She set her face resolutely against the Great Wheal Bang from the first, and nothing turned her. She had never forgiven Mark and his wife for quitting Hallingham, and her reproaches to them could not cease. The apparent prosperity of the Great Wheal Bang changed not her opinion in the least; and she was bitter against it. Mark asked her once whether she would take shares in it, and produced a Wheal Bang prospectus to point to its merits. She angrily replied that she would as soon throw her money into the Thames, that it would not be a surer way of getting rid of it, and rang the bell for Mark and his prospectus to be shown out of her house.

Mark Cray sat in the board room at the city offices of the Great Wheal Bang. A noble room, the cloth on its long table of the freshest green and the finest texture. Mark leaned his elbow upon this cloth as he talked and laughed with some of the friends of the Great Wheal Bang, who were getting rich so easily. It was not a board day; but visitors were numerous at all times.

"I had a line from him this morning," said Mark, continuing the conversation. "Spirits? I should think he does write in spirits!—what are you talking of? They are getting up quantities of ore now. It will soon be ready for the market."

"And its quality does not deteriorate?" asked Mark's immediate listener, a middle-aged gentleman with wise looking spectacles on his nose.

"Deteriorate!" repeated Mark. "But you shall see the letter." He began to turn over the papers on the table, and the diamond ring on his little finger, a hundred guinea investment of Mark's, began to show out the colors of a prism in its glittering brilliancy.

"It is of no consequence," returned the gentleman, when Mark could not readily find it. "I can take your word. When does Barker come up again?"

"To-day or to-morrow; I am not sure which. I should like you to have seen his letter, though it is but a line or two. The only motive for our fresh call upon the shareholders is to hasten the operations and consequently the returns. With more capital afloat, we can increase the workers at the mine, and bring the ore out more quickly."

"It was to have been in the market by this."

"One cannot calculate to a day. It won't be long first now; and its richness, when it does come, will astonish the world. Do just as you like: take the shares or leave them. The gentleman would not have had them to dispose of but that he has urgent need of the money. He is over in Austria now, and has written to me: he is an old friend of mine."

"I'd not hesitate a moment to take them, were it my own money; I wish I had more to embark in it. But this is money belonging to my wards; and their relatives are so anxious that I should choose a safe investment, one in which there can be no risk."

Mark Cray rose from his seat. The word "risk" offended his pride, and he could only wonder that any one could be idiot enough to use it in connection with the Great Wheal Bang Mine. But Mark had no need to solicit now the taking of shares: half London was ready to snap them up: and he was too great a man to permit his time to be wasted unnecessarily.

"Consider over it, if you please, until to-morrow morning, Mr. Gilham," he said, as he moved away. "You can see the secretary if you come in before ten. After that, the shares will not be disposable."

There's no safer way to make a buyer eager than for a seller to be indifferent; and Mr. Gilham and his spectacles went hastening after Mark ready to close the bargain. But Mark was already the centre of an eager group, not to be got at again lightly. The next time Mr. Gilham caught sight of him, he was descending the wide staircase, surrounded as before by a crowd of attendant worshippers, who were unwilling to part with the great man, and his widely extending influence.

But great men must dine as well as small, and Mr. Cray was hastening home to that necessary meal. He extricated himself from his friends, and stepped into his cab that waited at the door: a favorite vehicle of Mark's, built under his own superintendence, in which he generally went to and fro morning and evening, driving his blood horse himself. Glancing at his watch as he dashed along Cheapside, he found it was considerably later than he had thought, and urged the horse to a quicker pace.

For Mr. and Mrs. Cray were expecting friends to dinner that evening. Dr. Ford of Hallingham and his two daughters were making a short stay in town, and had been invited by Mark and his wife. Neither of them loth to show off their new grandeur and to send it to be talked about in Hallingham.

Suddenly Mark threw the horse nearly on his haunches by the violence with which he pulled him up. Oswald Cray was on the pavement. He advanced to Mark at the latter's sign.

"Have you decided about the thousand pounds, Oswald?"

"Partially. I went down to Knollys's this morning, and they recommend the thing strongly. But I have worked hard for my money, Mark, and don't care to lose it."

"Lose it!" scornfully returned Mark. "The Great Wheal Bang won't be a *losing* concern. Look here, Oswald! I have but one motive in pressing this matter upon you: this mine of wealth has come flowing into my hands, and I do consider it a great pity that you, my only brother, should not reap some benefit from it. Others, strangers, are making their thousands and thousands—or will make them: and it's nothing but wilful blindness for you to let it slip through your fingers. It's obstinate folly, Oswald. Give me the thousand pounds, and I'll soon make you ten thousand."

"The fact is, Mark, I cannot feel so positively sure of its turning out well, as you do."

"Oswald, I tell you *that it will*. I and Barker have means of knowing facts, connected with the mine, that I don't speak of, even to you. As I assured you the other day, so I repeat it; your money cannot be lost. It is a perfectly sure and safe investment; I will answer for it with my life. Will you come home and dine with us?"

"I have dined."

"Dined!" echoed Mark, rather scornfully, for he was learning to despise any but the most fashionable hours—as many another newly-made great man has learnt before him. "Come round in the evening, then, and see old Ford of Hallingham. Barker will be there, I expect, and we can talk this over further."

Mark Cray touched his horse, and the cab and its freight bounded off. Mark did not draw rein again until Grosvenor Place was reached.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ RATHER SEVERE ON THE GIRLS.—An exchange says:—"The number of idle, useless girls in all our large cities seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through their mornings, parade the streets during the afternoon, and assemble in frivolous companies of their own and other sex to pass away their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the coming time, when real duties and high responsibilities shall be thoughtlessly assumed! They are skilled in no domestic duties—nay, they despise them; have no habits of industry nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mothers? Alas for the husbands and children, and alas for themselves. Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness and domestic ruin follow."

A Story of Paris.

A recent history of "The French Police" contains the following tragic story, showing that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction:—

When M. La Reynie was lieutenant-general of police, a terror, produced by the mysterious disappearance of several persons, spread through various districts of Paris. Within about four months, twenty-six young gentlemen, varying in age from seventeen to twenty-five years, were missing from their inconsolable families. Mysterious and contradictory rumors spread in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which had been robbed of five promising tradesmen's sons. The gossips declared that a princess who was suffering from a liver complaint, contended against the malady by taking baths of human blood. Others affirmed that the Jews, at intervals, crucified Christians, in hatred of the Saviour, but luckily this mad opinion did not prevail.

The Duc de Gesvres spoke on the subject to the king, and the latter complained to the lieutenant-general of police for allowing such a thing to go on. La Reynie, in despair at the king's dissatisfaction, returned very sadly to Paris. On arriving there, he sent for a very smart agent, one Lecoq, whom he had previously employed with success in extricating tangled legal skeins. On hearing the report, Lecoq, carried away by his activity, exclaimed:

"Well, monseigneur, I see that in order to relieve you from your embarrassment, I must renew Abraham's sacrifice. I ask for a week, and at the end of that time I hope to have good news for you."

Lecoq gave no further explanation, and De la Reynie, who regarded him as one of his most trustworthy agents, dismissed him with a sign that granted him the most extensive powers. Lecoq had a son, to whom he was sincerely attached, and whose education he undertook himself. This lad, called the "Wide-awake" by his comrades, owing to his ready wit, really possessed an uncommon intellect. He was sixteen years of age, and Nature, while developing his mind, had not forgotten his external appearance.

Wide-awake, whose real name was Exupere, obtained from Lecoq everything that can flatter a young man's vanity. His handsome clothes heightened the effect of his personal appearance; but he rarely went out, for Lecoq was aware to what young men are exposed in the streets of Paris; he was escorted by spies, in whom his father could confide.

On the day when Lecoq had his conference with De la Reynie, on his return home, he shut himself up with Wide-awake, with whom he had a lengthened conversation; and an hour after the female neighbors noticed the boy go out in the most brilliant toilet, and this time alone. He wore round his neck and hat gold chains and medallions, there were two watches in his fobs, and he frequently clinked the louis with which his purse was well lined. Lecoq felt that the young men had necessarily fallen into some gallant snare, and that the lure offered them must be a pretty girl. Hence he foresaw, that in exposing his son to a meeting with this creature, she would not fail to try and ruin Wide-awake also; but the latter, being well warned, would not be caught in the trap by which so many others had perished.

At about three P. M. on the fifth day, young Lecoq, in all his glory, was walking on the river-terrace, in the garden of the Tuileries, when a remarkably beautiful lady passed close to him. She was alone, but followed at a short distance by a species of duenna. The young lady's age might be from twenty-two to twenty-five, and her face and figure were models of beauty. Wide-awake examined her with interest; his glances were not lost, for pleasant ones directly responded to his. He foreboded that he was in for an adventure; could this be the girl he was looking out for? In order to make certain, he checked his pace, and eventually sat down on a bench facing the Champs Elysees.

He had not been here more than ten minutes ere he saw the couple prowling round him, and end by seating themselves on the same bench. They bowed in the usual fashion of the age, entered into conversation, and the artful youth, who thus found his affair ready-made, asked the duenna who her companion might be.

"Oh! sir," was the reply, "my mistress's history is almost a romance."

The duenna hereupon proceeded to inform Wide-awake that her mistress was the daughter of a great Polish prince, and sole heiress to his estate. Wide-awake, on his side, told the governante, with all the ingenuousness possible, that he was the son of a doctor at Nantes, and sent to Paris to attend the university lectures. After some minutes' talk, the old woman took Wide-awake's hand.

"You have gained my heart, and I really feel an affection for you. Here is a proof. Listen to me. My mistress has just seen you, you pleased her, and she instructed me to find out who you are. Come this evening to the great gate of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where I will meet you, and in all probability bring you good news. Do not fail to adorn yourself at your best, for you would be ruined if you appeared before my mistress like a needy student."

After this they parted, and Wide-awake was mad with delight, as he felt certain he had found the girl to whom the disappearance of the young fellows was due. He hurried to his father, and told him all that was going on. Lecoq shared his son's suspicion and hope; but, in the hour of success, paternal tenderness was aroused, and he trembled at the peril the young man must incur. In order to diminish its extent he assembled his most trusty myrmidons, and ordered them to keep close to his son, though without compromising the success of the plan, and placed himself at the head of the squad.

At nightfall Wide-awake, more handsomely attired than before, presented himself at the indicated spot. As the church doors were being closed a poorly clad woman emerged from the sacred edifice, looked around her furtively, and, recognizing Wide-awake, made him a sign to follow. They passed through several streets, closely followed by the spies, and at length stopped in that of des Orfevres, in front of a rather fine house.

"My pretty boy," the old woman said to Wide-awake, "the lady does not live at this paltry spot, but, as the house is her property, she wished to receive you in it. I will go and inform her of your arrival."

After a short absence the wicked old crone returned. She asked the young man to allow his eyes to be bandaged, but, on his refusal, introduced him without further opposition into the fatal house. Wide-awake, who was armed, advanced in the darkness, apprehending some sudden attack; but no enemy presented himself. Ere long he found himself in a room of average size, splendidly furnished and lit up with wax-tapers. A sofa, covered with crimson satin and ornamented with gilt nails, occupied one of the sides of the room. On this sofa reclined, in deshabille, the Princess Jabirouska. At the sight of the stranger she greeted the young man, and, with a word dismissed the duenna. Wide-awake, in spite of all his sharpness, lost his presence of mind. The sight of this lovely person fascinated him; he could not move; the young spy in an instant forgot his role.

The goddess descended from her throne and offered her hand to Wide-awake, who kissed it. This kiss heated his blood and restored his boldness. Most certainly he was in a bad place; but he was close to a charming woman. He became pressing, lost his head, felt a hand abstracting his purse, but said nothing.

His father was in the street with his agents, impatiently awaiting the signal for them to enter the house. But the signal was not given, and so Lecoq pere whistled; even in the arms of the princess his son started at it, and this whistle recalled him to himself. Two minutes after the princess retired to her cabinet. Wide-awake took advantage of her absence to examine the room; he tried to unfold a screen, and could not succeed, for the leaves seemed nailed to each other. Wide-awake shook them smartly; one of them fell and unmasked a cupboard, in which twenty-six men's heads, admirably preserved, were displayed on silver dishes.

Such a scene was certainly a strange awaking from pleasure, and young Lecoq, whose lips were still warm with the stranger's kisses, opened them to utter a cry of horror. But worse remained behind; on approaching the window he fancied he could see through the panes other heads fixing their flashing eyes upon him. Paler than the death's heads, unable to speak, he fell on his knees and clasped his hands.

At this moment the window was burst in, and his father, followed by the whole squad entered the apartment. Startled by his son's silence, and fancying him probably assassinated, Lecoq had bravely taken the accursed house by storm. This lucky temerity saved Wide-awake's life; for, at the noise made by Lecoq and his men in entering the room, the princess, accompanied by four bandits, armed to the teeth, emerged from the cabinet. The king's men being in force resistance was useless, and the four ruffians, with the girl, their accomplice, were led away in irons. A strict examination of the house led to no further discovery.

It was found afterwards that the girl was English, and employed to entrap young men, who were killed and their heads cut off. The body was sold to students of anatomy, while the heads, splendidly prepared, were sent in batches to Germany, for the purpose of the science of phrenology. The government, afraid of such a series of crimes becoming known, punished the culprits secretly. They were all hanged.

About Oranges.

The orange is tolerably hardy, and can endure a considerable range of temperature. A native of the tropics, it has proved equally at home in the temperate Azores, and has taken kindly root not only in France, but in England. It is said that in some parts of Devonshire, orange trees exist, which have in the open air successfully withstood the chill blasts of more than a hundred winters. In exposed situations, however, such as the Azores, where the sea breezes are sometimes very violent, each plantation requires to be shielded by walls fifteen or twenty feet high and thick hedges. Every young shoot is reared in a sort of well, surrounded by shrubs, until it grows strong enough to resist the wind, and then the circle of bushes is removed. In time the trees spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut. It is usually seven years before it puts forth a single fruit, and then for several years longer it yields only a half crop. When in full bearing, however, a St. Michael tree will produce annually from twelve to sixteen thousand oranges, and one case is on record where twenty-six thousand were gathered in a year from a single tree. The Porto and Seville trees are less in size and not so prolific. Eight thousand oranges are deemed an average yield for one of them. "Nothing," says a traveller in the Azores, "can exceed the rich luxuriance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months—namely, from November to March—when the emerald tints of the unripe and the golden hue of the mature fruit mingle their beauties with the thick, dark foliage of the trees, and when the bright, odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighborhood which is quite delicious." Although by November some of the fruit is ready to be gathered for the London market, which is always eagerly impatient for early arrivals, it is seldom quite ripe until the end of the year; indeed, the natives never think of eating them before January. Occasionally, the orange tree attains an enormous size and an advanced age; in some instances, the base of the stem has been seven feet in circumference. An orange tree is quite lovely, and, so to speak, in full possession of all its faculties when a hundred years old; indeed, experience has shown that it not only produces abundantly at that age, but that its fruit is then better than that of the younger ones, for the rind is thinner and there are fewer pips. At Versailles, there is an orange tree between four and five hundred years old. It was contemporary with Francis I., and formed part of the confiscated property of the constable of Bourbon, whence it is called Le Grand Bourbon. It was raised from five seeds sown in 1421, by Leonora of Castile, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre. Its aged branches are now supported by iron rings.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SETTING THE WORLD TO RIGHTS.—When youth made me sanguine I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this fairy maxim, that unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men? Is not it an established rule in France, that every person should love every king they have, in his turn? What government is formed for general happiness? Where is it not thought heresy, by the majority, to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better at sixty-eight leave men to these preposterous notions, than to return to Bishop Hoadley, and sigh?—*Walpole.*

☞ The prayer of every selfish man is, "forgive us our debts," but he makes everybody pay who owes him, to the uttermost farthing.

AN OLD SERMON WITH A NEW TEXT.

My wife contrived a fleecy thing
  Her husband to infold,
For 'tis a joy to woman true
  To cover from the cold:
My daughter made it a new text
  For a sermon very old.

The child came trotting to her side,
  Ready with bootless aid.
"Lily will make one for papa,"
  The tiny woman said.
Her mother gave the needful things,
  And a knot upon the thread.

But, alas! the knot would not come through.
  "Mamma! mamma!" she cried.
Her mother cut away the knot,
  And she was satisfied,
And pull'd the thread right through and through,
  Working in joy and pride.

Her mother told me this; and I
  Straightway spied something more:
Great meanings often hide themselves
  With small words on the door;
And I brooded over this my text,
  Till the seed a sermon bore.

Nannie, to you I preach it now—
  A little sermon, low:
Is it not thus a thousand times,
  As through the world we go?
Do we not pull, and fret, and say,
  Instead of "*Yes, Lord*," "*No!*"

Yet all the rough things that we meet,
  That will not move a jot—
The hindrances to heart and feet—
  The *Crook in every lot*—
What mean they, but that every thread
  Has at the end a knot?

All men must make a kind of clothes
  To shield their hearts from frost;
And *circumstance* is God's great web
  To clothe the trembling host:
Shall we, because our thread is fast,
  Think all our labor lost?

If He should cut away the knot,
  And grant each fancy wild,
The hidden life within our hearts—
  His life, the undefiled—
Would fare as ill as I should fare
  From the needle of my child.

For as the lines that hold the sail;
  As, in my verse, the rhyme;
As mountains on the low green earth,
  So fair, so hard to climb;
As call of striking clock, amid
  The quiet flow of time;

As blows the sculptor's mallet, struck
  Upon the marble's face;
Such are God's *Yea* and *Nay* upon
  The Spirit's growing grace;
So work His making hands with what
  Does and does not take place.

We know no more the things we need
  Than child to choose his food;
We know not what we shall be yet,
  So know not present good;
For God's Ideal, who but God
  Hath ever understood!

This is my sermon. It is preach'd
  Against all useless strife.
Strive not with anything—to wish
  To cut it with thy knife:
Thou art but pulling at the knot
  That holdeth fast thy life.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XX.

STRUCK DOWN.

"Is she dead?"

Mrs. Killick's lips trembled as she asked the question. The surgeon shook his head. They were both of them standing by the bedside of Lydia Crawse, in the dismal gray light and shadow of the December morning. It was a sad vigil. The strong, courageous, self-reliant woman who lay upon that bed of suffering, never to rise again from it, was worn to a mere frail semblance of her old self, a poor wreck, torn and shattered by the burning, wasting force of the disease. She had been delirious, raving, struggling with the kind hands that held her, writhing in the furnace breath of the fever. But that was over now. Nature, worn out, had sought refuge in sleep. A less experienced doctor than Mr. Killick would have recognized the crisis of the disorder. He was glad she had ceased to rave, and had fallen asleep. There was balm in sleep. In his sea-going days, he had known those who were in the fangs of Yellow Jack, or miasma struck off the Guinea coast, to wake up, saved, from a long sleep. But Miss Crawse did not sleep long nor soundly; she stirred and moaned like a sick child. This went on for some time; then she became quite passive, and lay with parted lips and half-closed heavy eyes, and her wasted face upturned, and her thin hands resting idly on the counterpane. She was alive; she was not asleep; but life was at its lowest ebb, and the sufferer's breathing could not reach the doctor's practised ear. Mrs. Killick stood there, crying; her tears were as much those of remorse as of sorrow. She had taken her husband's reproof very much to heart, and felt guilty of her niece's death. What would her sister, Mrs. Crawse, say when she knew all? How careless to leave the poor girl—but who would have thought it? That is the consolation of many Mrs. Killicks in this world, when they have blundered into mischief—Who would have thought it?

"Is there no hope for the poor thing?" sobbed Mrs. Killick, speaking in a whisper, though the report of a cannon would perhaps have failed to convey any impression to the dulled ear of the patient.

"While there's life, there's hope," mechanically responded her husband, pouring some drops of a cordial medicine into a glass. "She might be the better for this, but she has not the strength to take.—It would be cruel to disturb her."

These last words the doctor muttered to himself, and then setting down the glass, and observing his wife's distress, he added kindly:

"There there, my lass—dry your eyes. It's not your fault after all, and I was hasty to say so. You meant for the best."

Mrs. Killick shook her head.

"I didn't do for the best, Killick," she replied; "and I shall never forgive myself. If I'd looked after her she would not—"

"Hush!" interrupted the surgeon, lifting a warning finger, and drawing nearer to the bed. He had detected a momentary gleam of reason in the sufferer's eyes, now open, and gazing at him. It was the first look, since the doctor's return, in which the mind had shown itself free from the mists of delirium. There had been no lucid interval between the paroxysms, nothing but ravings, alternated by heavy stupor and lethargy. But now the eyes were full of intelligence, wistful, eager. The poor exhausted body lay passive; the head never stirred on the pillow; all life and feeling seemed concentrated in the eyes alone.

"You are better now, my dear!" said the surgeon in his rough, kind manner, as he signed to his wife to support the sufferer while he put the cordial to her lips. "Try and swallow this, my girl—it will do you good."

Miss Crawse was able, by an effort, to swallow a small portion of the contents of the glass, then she sank back again on the pillows, and her lips moved and twitched, but no sound came. It was pitiable to watch the tremulous working of those poor blanched lips, to see how the laboring bosom gasped for breath, how the meagre hands pulled feebly at the bedclothes on which the weak fingers had closed, and above all, to see how anxious grew the craving look of those speaking, terrified eyes. The surgeon knew that longing glance, that restlessness of the hands, only too well. He had seen that look in the eyes of stalwart seamen and soldiers, of gray-haired commanders, of gallant lads, dying in hospital or on shipboard under the sweltering heats of both Indies, on the coasts of Africa and South America; he had seen it, too, at Navarino, when he was but a raw mate, fresh from the Edinburgh schools of medicine, and had been sickened at the shambles in which he had to ply his work on the blood-stained lower deck of a frigate. But always the same look, haunting, fearful. He tried to smile encouragement to wife and patient, but he had no hope left.

At last, by a supreme effort, the dying woman's hollow voice, thin and weak as the sighing of the wind among the leafless boughs without, reached the ears of the listeners, like a message from a far-off world: "Those papers—my papers—those!—"

She panted, and could not speak, but her eyes glanced towards the table-drawer in which the narrative—fatal to her, fatal, perhaps, to others—had been placed. Somehow, in her wildest wanderings of mind, she had known of the spot where the narrative lay.

Mr. Killick understood her at once. "Yes, yes, Lydia," he said earnestly, in answer to the imploring glance; "I know what papers you mean. What do you wish me to do with them?"

Miss Crawse's breath came in sobs and short gasps now. She glanced quickly, despairingly about her, and then her eyelids quivered and drooped. Then came a silence that no one ventured to break. Without, the December sun, the sun that had risen on Aurelia's wedding morn—for this was the thirtieth of the month—broke through the clouds, and poured a pale yellow light into the sad sick-room, where candles were burning yet. A robin on the branch of a tree that grew near the window sang out his twittering carol with sturdy joyousness; then voices and the roll of cart-wheels began to be heard in the village street. Lydia Crawse strove hard to speak. With eyes that were growing unsteady and dim, she turned towards her uncle, and beckoned feebly that he should approach his ear to her white lips. He obeyed, but he heard no sound. Only a long shuddering motion stirred the helpless form on the bed, and he knew that Lydia Crawse would speak no more to mortal ear. Softly and reverently, he closed her eyes, and threw the sheet over her ashen-gray face, that should never warm into life again. He led his weeping wife from the room. He turned back, unlocked the table-drawer with the key that he carried in his pocket, and drew out the papers. He paused as he passed down stairs, and, as he uttered some brief words of comfort to Mrs. Killick, she saw the roll of manuscript he carried crumpled in his hand.

"What shall you do with those?" she asked nervously.

"I shall look them over. I thought at first it was some love-letter, but I cannot believe that now. You saw what a hold on the poor thing's last thoughts these papers had. If she had given me any instructions about disposing of them, I should have known how to act. As it is, I must look for instructions among the papers themselves."

Mrs. Killick was a good soul, and under the softening influence of unselfish sorrow; but an impulse of curiosity stirred within her. She glanced towards the manuscript.

"Poor Lydia," said she; "what can it be? Shall I—"

"No," answered Mr. Killick. "It was to me the poor girl spoke; it was to me she desired to intrust some commission respecting these papers. I will read them, and act as I think proper." And without more ado, he walked down stairs, went into the surgery, and bolted the door. Mr. Killick was master in his own house. His wife was disappointed, but she owned to herself that he was very probably right. He himself had no doubts on the point.

"Anne's a good creature," he said, as he sat down to peruse the papers—"a good creature; but she never kept a secret in her life. And if this be some history of grief and trouble, of shame, perhaps—and, by the poor wench's anxious face, I am afraid it is—it will be just as well that a woman should not know of it. I hope I'm wrong—I hope I am. But if I can execute the poor thing's wishes, and yet spare her memory, I will. Now for it." And he began to read. At first his eye ranged almost indifferently over the crabbed characters, but presently his shaggy eyebrows contracted into a heavy frown, and the blood mounted to his forehead, as he read earnestly on. The history that he read ran thus.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS CRAWSE'S NARRATIVE.

"I will not call on Heaven to bear witness that what I am about to write is the plain truth; I will do what to my mind is worth more—I will substantiate the more important points in this history by such proofs as I, writing on a bed of sickness, and perhaps of death, am able to supply; and when I cannot furnish proofs, at least I will set down every event as it occurred, without fear and without favor. I have not the slightest desire to palliate or gloss over my own share in the transactions which I am about to divulge. Let those who may learn the facts, judge Lydia Crawse as harshly as they please. Before the words of her confession come under their knowledge, the writer will have passed before another and a more dread tribunal than that of mortals. Her only object is to tell a straightforward tale of the events in which she has played a part, and from which she has herself reaped neither pleasure nor profit. For the sake of others, she does so.

"Three years and a half ago, in the month of April, 1856, I entered the employment of an invalid lady of rank, residing in the north of Ireland. This lady's name was Lady Harriet Ogle, daughter of the late Earl of Warrenton, and widow of the Right Honorable Colonel Sir Philip Ogle, of Rathglas Priory. Sir Philip, whose estates were unentailed, had left Lady Harriet mistress of his extensive property for her life only, after which, it passed to distant relatives. Her ladyship lived, and still lives, at Rathglas Priory, in the parish of Rathermines, eight miles from Ogletown, where the assizes are held. Most of the houses in Ogletown, as well as the lands between the Priory and the town itself, belong to Lady Harriet, and she receives a very large revenue, at least twenty thousand a year, from these lands. I had heard of all this wealth and grandeur, and as wealth was in my mind inseparably connected with gayety and splendor of living, I was very thankful and pleased to become paid companion to My Lady Harriet.

"I soon found out my mistake. Lady Harriet Ogle was an invalid and a cripple, very parsimonious, and of a whimsical, tart disposition. She saw little or no company. Her household was a frugal one for a lady of her quality and her great means. She saved, as I used to fancy, from mere instinct, but she saved whenever she could, and her fine house was as dull as a nunnery. I was very miserable at first, and should have been glad to throw up this, my first situation, and to return to Liverpool to my mother's humble little dwelling. But I forebore to do so, for two reasons. In the first place, my dear mother was poor, and my elder sister has been in bad health always, and I wanted to help them, not to burden their scanty income with another mouth to feed. The second reason was, that I was allowed a great deal of time to myself, and a great deal more liberty than usually falls to the lot of a paid companion. This was not because Lady Harriet was indulgent; it was because she did not trouble her head about me or my occupations, so long as she received from me the services she required. It was my duty to write letters from her dictation, to match her worsteds, to ground her tapestry-work, to go on errands for her, and to read to her daily—novels on week-days, sermons on Sunday; and always the same old novels, and the same old sermons, of the date of her ladyship's youth, over and over, and over again.

"I had a great deal of leisure time, for Lady Harriet slept a great deal in the afternoons, and got up late in the day, spending some hours at her toilet, under the hands of her two maids, who regularly rouged and enamelled her face, and dyed her gray hair, and frizzled it into curls, and dressed her slowly and carefully in the style of the early part of the century. My duty was to read to Lady Harriet in bed, before she got up, and also before she went to sleep, and I had her letters to write, as I have said. My post was not an arduous one, as far as work went. But my temper is none of the best, and I hate to be blamed unjustly, and have nothing of the flatterer in my nature, so my life with Lady Harriet Ogle was bitter to me. She did not ill-treat me, but she worried and provoked me. I was always glad to escape from her when I could.

"Rathglas Priory would have been insupportably dull to a young woman like me, but that I had opportunities for gratifying two tastes which I had in those days—for novel-reading, and for rambling among the mountains. Rathermines village lies in the midst of very wild, beautiful scenery, and I, who had always been a good walker, was able to come and go as I pleased, and to visit the nearest glens and crags with no companion but some barefooted peasant child. As for novels, they had been forbidden fruit to me as a growing girl. My parents were serious, and did not approve of novels; but I liked them, and finding, that besides the shelf of dingy old romances which I had to read aloud to Lady Harriet till I almost knew them by heart, there were plenty of newer books, bought by Sir Philip, in the library, I devoured them, and seldom walked without a volume in my hand; and I dreamed of all the romantic incidents and surprising adventures that I had read of, and longed for them to come true. I wished, also, for a friend to whom I could talk of the castles in the air that I built so constantly.

"The friend came. She was of much higher degree than mine. Her name was Aurelia Darcy. She was the niece of Lady Harriet; her mother, Lady Maud Darcy, having been the youngest daughter of the old Earl of Warrenton. Miss Darcy was still in half-mourning. Lady Maud had died not very long before. Mr. Darcy, on whose side the money was, as the aristocratic descent was on his wife's side, had lately purchased an estate called Beechborough Hall, near Blanchminster, in the county of Warwick. I believe that the new-comers were coldly looked upon by their neighbors at that time, and were rather dull in consequence. But at anyrate, Miss Darcy was glad to accept her aunt's invitation to spend the summer with her in Ireland. She came. She was very beautiful and very clever, and she was kind to me at first, and I loved her dearly. I never loved anybody, out of my own family, so well. I have never been quite able to break myself of the old feeling; I love her a little, even now, while I write, small cause as I have had to entertain affection or esteem for her.

"We two became fast friends. We were the only young people in the house, and there were very few visitors at Rathglas, except once or twice a year, when the grandees paid a formal call. Aurelia was younger than me. She was not yet eighteen, but she had great latent force of character, and an iron will. I have a strong will too, and I was five years older than she was, and knew more of the world in my narrow line. I humored Lady Harriet; but had Miss Darcy given herself any airs of superiority in our early intercourse, we should never have been friends. But she did nothing of the sort. She was quite cordial, pleasant, and frank—yes, she was frank then—and treated me as an equal.

"Aurelia Darcy, at that time, shared my taste for novel-reading, for romantic day-dreams and high-flown sentiment, and we talked a great deal of nonsense during our rambles about the country. We wandered over the wild Ulster highlands pretty much as we pleased, sometimes on foot, sometimes on shaggy ponies, or jolting for leagues in the low-backed cars that the farmers use. There were carriages at the Priory, of course, but they were never brought out except on the rare occasions when Lady Harriet paid a round of ceremonious visits, or drove in state to Ogletown, so we were thrown on the resources of the country for the means of exploring the glens of Slievedonard and the Mourne Mountains.

"Aurelia enjoyed this rough liberty excessively. She said that life at Rathglass was like a perpetual picnic, and she relished the hardships inseparable from our constant scrambling among the hills, the fatigue, the rugged paths, the mists and driving showers, the losing ourselves among the moors and bogs, and many other things which must have been novelties to one so delicately nurtured. I had had a plainer bringing up, and was hardy. But Aurelia, who had been a fine lady always, surrounded by luxuries from childhood, really seemed to glory in her indifference to privations and bad weather, and it was always she who proposed the longest and most difficult excursions. She was very well supplied with money, and was liberal and gracious—just the sort of person whom the Irish peasantry would idolize. She was, indeed, very popular among the cotter tenantry of the Ogle estate, and the poor ill-fed mountaineers would leave their wretched farms, and walk miles among the precipices and morasses to guide the beautiful English lady to some water-fall or lough that she was desirous to sketch.

"Aurelia sketched very well, with a bold, free hand, and much delicacy of touch. She had had excellent masters on the continent, and had brought back with her a quantity of drawings of Alpine and Italian scenery, her own work; and now she was as active in depicting the savage cliffs and woody ravines of Ulster, and seldom stirred without her sketch-book and crayons.—Lady Harriet made no objection to the vagarant existence which her niece chose to lead, usually leaving the house before the hour of lunch, and never returning till the late dinner-time, sometimes not before dark; for the district was a primitive one; we were known to all the people as inmates of Rathglas, and as such were sure of attention and respect; and besides, any lady would have been secure from molestation among those poor frieze-clad highlanders, who had none of the vices of townsfolk. However, Lady Harriet made one stipulation, which was, that a certain hanger-on of the establishment, a middle-aged man named Finucane, should accompany us as guide and body-guard. This man's presence annoyed Aurelia, who preferred absolute independence, and she hit upon the plan of giving money to Finucane, and leaving him at some sheben that we should be pretty sure to pass on our homeward road. The poor fellow, like most Irishmen, could not resist the temptations of whiskey and society, and he readily fell in with the young lady's whim, and let us proceed alone, without mentioning this breach of orders to any member of the household at home.

"The idea of getting rid of this man was not Aurelia's. She was unused to deception then, at least I think so, though she had powers of self-control and concealment such as few women possess, and of which she was not as yet fully aware. The suggestion with respect to Finucane was mine. Perhaps, had not this first step from the right road been taken—— But I did not take up my pen to moralize. I deal with facts.

"One day, in a singularly wild and secluded glen, six miles from Rathermines, we came suddenly upon an artist, a young man, sitting on a boulder of rock, before his easel, sketching the very crag of which Aurelia in a previous day had drawn a rough outline, which she was anxious to finish with the usual accessories of light and shade, the ferns, the arbutus-wood growling like feathers in the clefts, the bare scathed peak of many-colored rock. Strangers were so scarce in that district, that we were amazed, and stopped short as we turned an angle of the blue cliff, and saw the painter busy with his work. He was a young man, handsome, and with a look of refinement, of over-refinement, perhaps, about his clear-cut delicate features. He was just the sort of man out of whom novel-reading young ladies would fashion a hero to their own minds, tall, slightly-made, and with a graceful head like that of a stag, a pale complexion, and raven-black hair. He wore a tight suit of black velvet, braided in artist style, and a small knapsack lay on the heather at his feet.

"How our acquaintance with this gentleman began, I cannot, with every wish to tell the truth, intelligibly describe. I remember that on that occasion, looking up from his sketch, and seeing two ladies close to him, he lifted his hat, and bowed to us with a sort of instinctive politeness; and that seeing that we hesitated what to do, he colored slightly, and said something about his fear that he was an intruder, and his willingness to atone for his trespass by quitting the glen, if his presence was unwelcome. No doubt, he took Aurelia, to whom he seemed naturally to address himself, for the daughter of the great landowner, whoever he might be, to whom the estate belonged. It was indeed the only reasonable way of accounting for a lady's appearance among those wilds.

"Very few words were spoken on either side, no more, certainly, than politeness demanded, and we left the place, going further up the glen; but all that day Aurelia was unusually thoughtful, and when she spoke, some allusion to our rencontre of the morning was certain to escape her. She said not a word to Lady Harriet of our meeting with the stranger; nor did I. We met the artist again, and again, and again, perhaps by accident, perhaps not wholly so; and each time a bow, and some few shy words of greeting or of comment on the weather or the scenery, passed on both sides. Then the shyness and restraint wore off; and on the occasion of our fourth meeting, in a little cottage near the crest of a pass, where we, and he, too, were storm-bound among the mountains for hours, we talked together almost as if we had been old friends, while we compared the contents of Aurelia's sketch-book with those of the artist's portfolio. Then, too, he learned our names, and we his. His name was Edward Winslow.

"His name was Edward Winslow. He was twenty-one years of age, an artist by profession, and an orphan. He was from my native county, Lancashire, and a Roman Catholic, as many Lancashire men are. I believe he was of humble parentage, but he avoided that topic. I have heard him mention he had no near relations, and that he had lately succeeded to some small inheritance. His means, whatever they were, were very inconsiderable, and he had his bread to win by work, like myself. He had received a good education, and his talents were undoubtedly of a high order; but his performances as an artist, though they showed extraordinary promise, were crude, and marred by faults that only instruction and study of the best models and masters could correct. He knew this, and he longed to go to Rome, and spend years in cultivating art at the fountain-head of art, then to come back to England, and win fame by grand and sustained efforts, when his powers should be matured and disciplined. He had plenty of ambition; and when he got over his first shyness, for he was shy, though what would have been awkwardness in others was in him merely wild and graceful, he was strangely eloquent in expressing himself on that subject. Aurelia sympathized with his ambition.

"She did more than sympathize with his ambition; she fell in love with him, and he with her, and I have no doubt that both were sincere. I have never seen Shakspeare's plays acted; indeed, I never was in a theatre in my life but once, in Dublin. But I have read *Romeo and Juliet*. The quick, sudden way in which that young pair fell in love with one another—at first sight, as both of them owned separately to me, their go-between and confidante—reminded me of *Romeo and Juliet*. I could understand the truth of the play by the drama of real flesh-and-blood life that I had seen. They loved each other, and before long they had plighted their faith, and began to talk of marriage.

"I well remember the day when Aurelia Darcy came to me, transfigured, as it were, by emotion, with a faint glow of crimson in her face, so marble-like and calm generally, with a smile that lit up her beauty like sunshine, glowing with happiness, to tell me that Winslow had knelt to her, and that she had promised to be his. She talked long and earnestly, in a half-timid, half-confident way, and repeated much that he had said to her. I dare say his projects were sad stuff, but she looked at them through a rose-colored light of hope and love, and I, for my part, half believed them. He and she were to live in Italy for years, loving and beloved, happy in each other, and armed in triple steel against the world that would envy their rapture; and he was to paint and study, and grow famous and skillful, and they were to come back to England, and he was to win renown and honor, and rank and wealth, to lay at Aurelia's feet. Mr. Darcy would forgive them, then, for I forgot to say that it was taken for granted that the match could not take place with the consent of the bride's surviving parent?

"I do not think Winslow was a fortune-hunter; I never did think so. He was too careless about money, too flighty (for in his talk he was very flighty at times, and I have seen Aurelia look at him, perplexed and alarmed, at some rapsodies of his,) and too unpractical. Besides, Miss Darcy was not then the great heiress; her brother was still alive. I do not believe Winslow had any idea of pecuniary benefit from the marriage. He was so proud in his queer morbid way, and had such a horror of mean and mercenary conduct, that I doubt if he would have accepted a maintenance from Mr. Darcy. But Aurelia's high social standing, so much above his own, dazzled him; that I believe, though I doubt if he knew it. He thought her perfection. She was indeed fit to turn the head of a more experienced man than he. But no serious harm would have occurred, but for me."

CHAPTER XXII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

"My duty, as the world would have laid it down, was clear—I ought not to have left Lady Harriet for one moment in ignorance of the engagement which her niece had formed with a stranger, who had neither birth for fortune to entitle him to such an alliance. I had acted very wrongly, considering that I was older than Aurelia, and that I was her aunt's salaried companion, in permitting the acquaintance with Edward Winslow to be formed. But when once Aurelia had spoken to me of a declaration of love on the young man's part, of vows exchanged, and a projected marriage, I ought to have hurried to Lady Harriet, and to have told her all. I did nothing of the sort. I was perfectly well aware that my own dismissal was certain, whenever, or however, the story of Winslow's meetings with Miss Darcy should reach my employer's ears. But this was the least of my reasons for secrecy. I really enjoyed the intrigue for its own sake. It was a novel put in action. I had before my eyes a persecuted heroine, a lover, a confidante, cruel relations, all the mechanism of a romance. My own part was a secondary one, but I did not dislike it. I had been a little piqued at first that Winslow should have passed me over so utterly for Aurelia's sake. He was nearer my own rank; his fortunes and mine were equally precarious, and I was silly enough to feel mortified that he should only have seen in me the good-natured convenient associate of the woman he worshipped. But the wound to my vanity was but skin-deep. The young artist was not a man that I could ever have cared for, fascinating as he was. A plainer, bolder man, with a shrewd head and a stout heart, would have seemed to me worth fifty of such sensitive creatures as Edward Winslow.

"Besides my relish for the intrigue, I had other motives. I will state them without reserve. I wished to establish a link between myself and the rich family to which Miss Darcy belonged. Such a link, I mean, as should give me a claim on their good offices, either in gratitude of my services or in fear of my tongue; and this was too fair a chance to be thrown away. In a short time, in a few weeks, perhaps, Aurelia would leave Ireland, and her friendship for me would wither. Such, I was sure, would be the case if Miss Darcy left Rathglas as she came to it, fancy free. On the other hand, if clandestinely betrothed, or, better still, secretly married, she was bound to me for life. I meant her no harm. I did not wish to harm her, even when I urged on the stolen match by every means in my power. I had a wish to take the petty vengeance on Lady Harriet Ogle of announcing her niece's marriage with a penniless artist, but not immediately, perhaps never; for though I had no little dislike to my employer, my wish to serve my own family was the true mainspring of my conduct.

"I am sure that Winslow honestly intended to maintain his wife by his own unaided exertions, without asking her father for a sixpence; I am equally sure that he would have failed. I thought so then. But I also thought that Mr. Darcy, when he got over his first anger, would make the best of a bad business, and allow the young couple as many hundreds a year as would keep their heads above water. I believe Aurelia had very vague ideas on the subject. Love in a cottage sounds delightfully in the ears of most young girls, and she had never known the want of money, and could not realize, as I could, the hollowness of her lover's projects. Not but that, under favorable circumstances, Winslow might have become an eminent painter. Aurelia, with all her cleverness, believed implicitly, not only in his genius, which he had in plenty, but in the

certainty of his success. 'He will be great and famous,' she used to say to me, as if arguing against the whispers of her own prudence; 'he will make himself a name in the world. A painter—and why not! What do I care about his pedigree! It is as good as that of the Hanks family, at any rate. Don't you know, Lydia, that my grandpapa worked at the loom himself, a factory hand! All our pretensions to be aristocrats come from the Darcy side; and what do I care for the Darcies, not one of whom, except Lady Harriet, ever acknowledged my existence at all!'

"The fact was, that Aurelia was just then soured against her noble kindred, against the county people of Warwickshire, and the whole system of social exclusiveness. Abroad, she had been always in high society, had known princesses and dukes by the score, and great folks from England too; but on settling at Beechborough she had been very much annoyed at the stiffness and haughtiness of the provincial grandees. This helped Winslow in his suit. She used to declare that he was a finer gentleman by nature and instinct than all the dandies she had known, and that he would have done credit to any rank. Perhaps he would. But I do not think Aurelia cared for him so very much as she fancied she did. She was young and imaginative, and ready to make an Apollo of the first good-looking adventurer who crossed her path, and all the more if his wild, eloquent talk pleased her fancy, and if she could prove her independence of the world's opinions by marrying him.

"I carried letters, I arranged interviews, I gave every aid in my power, and I had the thanks of both, and the malicious pleasure of hoodwinking Lady Harriet, while her niece should be married from under the shelter of her roof, for my reward. It was by my agency that a clergyman was found to perform the ceremony. Aurelia was a Protestant, and her marriage to Edward Winslow by a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic would have been illegal. Although the vicar of Rathermines was on bad terms with Lady Harriet, we dared not apply to him, as he was certain to divulge the whole affair to Aurelia's aunt and father. She was a minor, too, and required consent. However, I had heard of a method in which difficulties of this kind were sometimes arranged in Ireland. If Aurelia were to be received into the pale of the Church of Rome, her wedding with a Romanist would be legal. And why should she not, in form at least, become a member of that church? I proposed this plan—an audacious one, I own, and a sinful one, for it implied tampering with the most sacred names and mysteries to gain a worldly end; but I was bent upon bringing the affair to a triumphant finish; and I talked Aurelia out of her scruples, which were faint and few.

"What we agreed upon seems shocking now, as I lie here, ill and sad; but we were all of us young and headstrong, and we had not learned to think as seriously of solemn things as we ought. Winslow, though a Catholic, had never been disturbed by Aurelia's Protestantism; and he seemed to consider the stratagem as a venial one; while Miss Darcy chose to see the matter with my eyes, as a mere matter of form, not binding on the conscience. But here delay arose—the parish priest, to my dismay, flatly refused to marry the niece of Lady Harriet Ogle to an unknown suitor, and without the consent of her natural protectors. His motive was not an exalted one; it was fear. Father Dwyer was a timid, elderly man, that dreaded a disturbance, and the wrath of the great landowner seemed awful to him. But if he was timid, he was weak, and not proof against my importunity and Aurelia's bribes. He was in debt, for his influence over his flock was small, and his dues were always in arrear; besides, I argued and pleaded, appealing to his conscience, and threatening to carry the case to his bishop, if he, a servant of the church, refused admission to its fold to one who craved it. He yielded; but only on these terms. Neither for money nor for fine speeches would he personally perform the ceremony; but what he would not do he would permit another to do, lending his chapel, under cover of night, for the marriage. Also, he would undertake to find a priest in orders who was a stranger to the place, and who would baptise and marry Aurelia Darcy, on condition that the mockery of a ritual (for it was no better) should take place in the dark, and that both parties should solemnly swear not to attempt to look upon the face of the officiating clergyman. The object of this was to prevent the possibility of identifying the priest in a court of justice, for he, as well as Winslow and the witnesses, would be liable to punishment, should a prosecution be instituted. I was assured that the same precautions had been observed on previous occasions, but that the marriage would be valid notwithstanding.

"The name of the parish priest is Father John Dwyer. He is still alive, but his memory is impaired by a paralytic attack. He did not enter the names of the persons married, as he was bound to do, in the books of the chapel, but made a separate and secret entry on a loose leaf, which he afterwards gave up to Aurelia, who destroyed it in my presence. The person whom he induced to perform the ceremony was in full orders, and his name was the Rev. Mark Hagan. He was not of good repute, and came from Munster, and was about to emigrate to America. He had been suspended by his bishop for some irregularity of conduct, but the suspension had been removed, and he was qualified to perform the duties of his office. These particulars I derived from Father Dwyer, who communicated them reluctantly. He was quite sure of the facts he spoke to. I never saw Mr. Hagan's face at all; I believe he turned it away as much as possible during the ceremony; but I kept my word, and did not look at him. Besides, it was so dark that we all looked like dusky shadows moving through the gloom.

"The wretched, ghastly mockery of sacred rites was carried out, in Rathermines Chapel, at nine o'clock on the 14th of August. The necessary words were gabbled rather than spoken by the unscrupulous priest; and Aurelia's reception into the church to which Winslow belonged, and her marriage to him, were hurried and huddled through with irreverent haste. Her hand did not tremble, though, and her sweet voice was firm, when it was her turn to speak. The witnesses were James Burke, the sacristan, who acts as sexton also, and Bridget Molloy the priest's servant. When I say the priest, I mean Father Dwyer; I do not mean Mr. Hagan. I never saw him at all, except as a great black shadow with outstretched arms and a white cope, or alb—I do not know which they call it—glimmering pale through the darkness. I have been told since, by Father Dwyer that Mr. Hagan went to America. He seemed very much afraid, Mr. Hagan did, of being indicted and punished for his share in that night's work. He received ten pounds for his services; and that is all I know about him. James Burke, who is lame, and has been sacristan thirty years, and Bridget Molloy, were living and in their situations when I left Ireland. Bridget Molloy is an ignorant woman, who speaks but little English; she cannot read or write; she made her mark, a cross, on the entry in the parish books; but the certificate—yes, that Mr. Hagan wrote.

"Winslow was much excited. He ought to have known the details of the ceremony according to Catholic custom; but he depended on me for everything. He was dreadfully agitated; I did not then guess why. He left everything to me and to the priest; and the responses were dictated to him, and he seemed to have no sort of forethought or knowledge. I had a poor opinion of him personally, though I admit he was fascinating and talented. But I never saw him to such little advantage as in the chapel; he seemed quite helpless; while Aurelia was grand, as she always is, and played her part in the wicked play nobly. When we left the chapel, and went homewards across the dark fields, I recollect that Edward walked beside Aurelia, with her hand in his, and his arm round her, and whispered pretty lovers' nonsense, and she answered him in tones as sweet and low as the coo of a dove. That was the last of their love-making; they never walked so again.

"Winslow left us at the stone stile in the eleven-acre meadow, at the edge of the Home Farm. It was not safe for him to approach nearer to the mansion in our company, for the second hay-crop was being got in, and some of the men and maids from Rathglas were still romping and chatting among the half-dried swaths of grass. He bent over Aurelia and kissed her, and she kissed him; then with a low murmur of words, he tore himself away. Before we got across the great meadow, I, who was behind Aurelia, heard some one breathing hard and running: and I turned and found myself face to face with a boy, the priest's acolyte, who carried the censers, lighted the candles, and so forth. The boy's name was Michael—that was his Christian name; I do not know his surname. He was nephew to James Burke; he had been present during the marriage, but had not signed the register.

"'Please, my lady, the certificate. His reverence sent me,' panted out the boy. The devil entered into me, I believe, for instead of telling Aurelia what had occurred, and giving her the proof of her marriage, I thrust it into my own pocket, and gave the boy some small silver, with which he departed well pleased. I had no definite plan with regard to the disposal of this important paper, but I meant to keep it till I saw how matters should turn out. Aurelia suspected nothing. If she had ever heard of such a thing as a certificate, it is probable that this irregular wedding had caused her to forget it; and we were both of us obliged to call our wits to our aid, shortly, to soothe Lady Harriet, who had been remarkably wakeful on that evening, and who was in a towering passion at the late hours we kept. I forget what our excuse was, but I know it was Aurelia's tact, not mine, that caused it to be accepted.

"Edward Winslow had gone up to a picturesque place in the mountains called Glen Brazil, the prettiest nook in all Tyrone, to prepare a cottage which he had hired for the reception of his well-born wife. This cottage was a charming little abode, built originally by Lord Kilgavock, and which had been inhabited for years by two old maiden sisters, the last of whom was lately dead. Here the young people proposed to dwell for a while, until the winter should come, and they should start for Rome, the future scene of Winslow's studies.

"Aurelia left Rathglas in a hired car, driven by a man named Scanlan, a servant of Mr. Connell, landlord of the Ogle Arms, three miles from Rathermines. I mention this man's name that he may be interrogated if necessary. She was in high spirits. She took very little luggage with her, and no attendant—indeed, she had parted with her French maid before leaving England, and had engaged no other. She meant to send for her trunks on the following day. She had a letter, ready written, addressed to her aunt, which she meant to post at the village of Brazil Dhuv, where Winslow was to meet her at the little inn. This letter announced her marriage. She had no fears on the subject, now that the thing was done, and could not be prevented. I believe that she felt sure of her father's ultimate forgiveness, and of his allowing her as much as would maintain the young couple. She knew, too, that she had money settled on herself, and had few apprehensions for the future. Winslow, on the contrary, had exaggerated ideas of the vengeance and ill-will he should incur by clandestinely carrying off the daughter of a powerful family. He was not a coward, but he was nervous, and had an absurd idea of the influence and malevolence of those whom he was about to offend.

"Aurelia left me, and went on her way full of hope. She loved Edward, and she believed she loved him better than she did. Before she went, we settled between us what should be done. If Lady Harriet, in anger or suspicion, dismissed me, I was to be welcome under Aurelia's roof, and she promised that I should share their fortunes in good and evil, and spoke so kindly that my heart smote me about the certificate. But I kissed her, and she went. When Aurelia reached the village of Brazil Dhuv, which was not on the Ogle estate, she found a crowd gathered about the inn door. From within came smothered sounds of struggling, outcries, shrieks, and howls of pain and fury.

"'Don't be feared, ma'am. 'Tis only a poor creature that's gone mad. A sort of half-sir—a painter, they tell me, and he's hard to hold,' said the bare-footed hostler, as he helped Miss Darcy to alight. Urged by a sudden terror, she hastened into the common room of the inn, and there beheld—Edward Winslow!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A middle aged farmer and his wife were enjoying an evening cozily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible, which the man had open before him. "Wife," said the farmer, "I've been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, &c., as is represented." "Indeed," replied the wife, somewhat miffed, "you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make! Why, you can't take proper care of one wife. What a pretty figure you would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!" The farmer silently took his hat and went out.

☞ It is said an ingenious chemist has invented a wash which, by daily application, will prevent the beard from growing. Bad for the barbers.

How New Yorkers Live.

From the New York Evening Post.

In these hot days many parts of our city are unendurable by reason of the stench of decomposing vegetable and animal matter, defective sewerage, and the horrible uncleanliness of tenement houses. The peculiar form of our island, washed on both sides by broad arms of the sea, and open to the sea breezes, ought to make it the healthiest city in America. Yet the sanitary reports tell a different tale.

An island like ours is easily and cheaply sewered; it cannot help but be well ventilated; but its limited area is a great disadvantage. Philadelphia, with 700,000 inhabitants, covers one hundred and thirty square miles of ground; New York, with its million of people, crowds them all into thirty-five square miles. Philadelphia is the paradise of workingmen; there is seen long rows after rows of neat small brick houses, each with its little garden, its box of a bath-house perched upon the back of the main building like a peddler's pack, and each house renting for a sum less than is paid by workingmen in New York for two or three rooms in a filthy and rickety tenement.

It is computed that nearly three-quarters of a million of men, women and children in this city live in tenement houses. Five years ago, Mr. Samuel B. Halliday, a faithful city missionary, published some astounding statistics and facts in regard to tenement-house life in New York. Since he wrote, little—or, more correctly, nothing—has been done to make more endurable the life in these "barracks," as they are appropriately called, or to increase the number of small single or double houses suitable and decent for the families of workingmen. The evils which he exposed have increased with our population. Of 115,986 families residing in the city of New York, only 15,990 are able to enjoy the luxury of an independent home; 14,362 other families live in comparative comfort, two in a house; 4,416 buildings contain three families each, and yet do not come under the head of tenements; and the 11,965 dwelling houses which remain are the homes of 72,386 families, being an average of seven families, or thirty-five souls to each house. But this is only an average. In the Eleventh Ward 113 *rear* houses (houses built on the backs of deep lots, and separated only by a narrow and necessarily dark and filthy court from the front houses, which are also "barracks,") contain 1,653 families; or nearly 15 families, or 70 souls each; 24 others contain 407 families, being an average of 80 souls to each; and in another ward 70 such houses contain no less than 19 families or 95 souls each.

This seems shocking, but this is by no means the worst. There are 580 tenement-houses in New York which contain, by actual count, 10,933 families, or about 85 persons each; 193 others which accommodate 111 persons each; 71 others which cover 140 each; and, finally, 29 (these must be the most profitable!) which have a total population of no less than 5,449 souls, or 187 to each house.

That part of Fifth Avenue which holds the chief part of the wealth and fashion of New York has an extent of about two miles, or, counting both sides of the street, four miles. These four miles of stately palaces are occupied by four hundred families; while a single block of tenement-houses, not two hundred yards out of Fifth Avenue, contains no less than seven hundred families, or three thousand five hundred souls. Seven such blocks, Mr. Halliday pertinently remarked, would contain more people than the city of Hartford, which covers an area of several square miles.

The tenant-house has become one of the institutions of this city; to build and own these barracks is a profitable speculation, in which men of honorable lives and kind hearts embark their means, and do not think themselves disgraced; yet we are told that the rents demanded are so enormous that from twenty to thirty-five per cent. are not uncommon returns for such ventures. Many of our readers have but a vague notion of what a tenant-house or "barrack" is. It is commonly a structure of rough brick, standing upon a lot twenty-five by one hundred feet; it is from six to eight stories high, and is so divided internally as to contain four families on each floor; each family eating, drinking, sleeping, cooking, washing, and fighting in a room eight feet by ten, and a bed-room six feet by ten; unless, indeed, which very frequently happens, says Mr. Halliday, the family renting these two rooms takes in another family to board, or sub-lets one room to one or even two other families!

Many houses used for this purpose of "herding" families together, were built for other uses; more recently, however, others have been built especially for this use. One of the largest of these "barracks" has apartments for one hundred and twenty-six families! It stands on a lot fifty by two hundred and fifty feet, is entered at the sides from alleys eight feet wide, and by reason of the vicinty of another barrack of equal height, the rooms are so darkened that on a cloudy day it is impossible to read or sew in them without artificial light. It has not one room which can in any way be thoroughly ventilated. The vaults and sewers, which are to carry off the filth of the one hundred and twenty-six families, have grated openings in the alleys, and door-ways in the cellars, through which the noisome and deadly miasmata penetrate and poison the dark air of the house and the courts. The water-closets for the whole vast establishment are a range of stalls without doors, and accessible not only from the building, but even from the street. Comfort is here out of the question; common decency has been rendered impossible; and the horrible brutalities of the passenger ship are day after day repeated, but on a larger scale. And for such hideous and necessarily demoralizing habitations—for two rooms, stench, indecency and gloom—the poor family pays, and the rich builder received, in 1859, so Mr. Halliday says, at the rate of "*thirty-five per cent. per annum on the cost of the apartments.*"

We take these particulars from Mr. Halliday's book; they were true five years ago; and a gentleman who has paid much attention to this matter, assures us they are true now. We commend the facts to readers who, housed cleanly and comfortably, still groan about the intolerable heat. Is it strange that our mortality lists are large? That crime is frequent? That three hundred and eighty-three children died in this city last week? That to fall sick in one of these "barracks" is almost certain to die? Or is it strange that, with such incentives to vice and crime as a large part of our population submit to, the city is to so great an extent in the hands of vicious and criminal men?

We have often urged the building of proper houses for families of moderate means. We believe that our wealthy citizens could, by such an enterprize, secure a fair, certain and constant return for the capital invested, and at the same time make themselves public benefactors. But no capitalist appears to be attracted in this direction. No doubt societies of workingmen could, by co-operative efforts, achieve the necessary end themselves, but the better and more enterprizing class of our working population prefer to live in the suburbs, in Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, and in the villages and country towns which railroads make easily accessible to the city; and unless this population, which is thus escaping from the city, is attracted hither by greater conveniences, we shall lose it altogether, and New York will some day be inhabited only by the wealthy and the very poor.

But it is not the tenement-houses alone which make the city unpleasant and sickly in these hot days. A walk through either of our great markets, Washington and Fulton, is enough to turn one's stomach; the vile stenches which there assail the nostrils, and which are continued, with variations, if you walk along the docks, give to a cleanly man a disgust for the meat and vegetables which come to his table from the midst of such accumulated abominations. The sewers which empty the filth of the city into the docks, there to float around and be washed hither and thither by the tide, instead of carrying them to the centre of the river, make our whole waterfront unhealthy, and pervert one of the most powerful sanitary means.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT.

Many attempts have been made at a portraiture of the Lieutenant General who is now commanding the loyal armies of the United States. Some are eulogistic, some critical, and others toadyisms. It must be confessed he is a very difficult subject for a literary limner. In physique he is ordinary; almost diminutive. In his presence there is nothing impressive, as people expect heroes to be. No show, no pretension; a low, small but distinct voice, silent and retiring; small in stature, he is compactly built and capable of great activity and endurance. Though of the fewest possible words, he is not morose or repulsive. This reticence is not the result of misanthropy or ill nature, for no trial of temper ruffles the calmness of his mind. No officer is more approachable. There is no general commander so ready to dispense with ceremony or the show of rank, to listen carefully, and to reply plainly to the point. His hair is sandy—nothing else can be made of it—thick and bushy, as yet not marked with gray. The barber has had nothing to do about his face since the war commenced, wherefore much of the native expression of his countenance is lost under moustache and beard. A dry, straight-cut mouth and clear gray eyes are about all that are visible. On his forehead the skin, well tanned and browned by exposure, is drawn over the frontal bone tight and smooth as a drum-head. Not a wrinkle or a frown is ever seen there. It is the expression of immovable calmness. His forehead is higher and better than it appears to be, for it is concealed by coarse bushy hair. Incessant, close, and rapid thought is going on there, however quiet the external signs may be.

General Grant cannot be called a genius. At West Point he was not considered very bright, only mediocre. Where is the secret of his military renown?

He is not a martinet or a drill-master. In matters of detail he is not a disciplinarian. His troops exhibit at first acquaintance no special like or dislike—certainly no enthusiasm. Their affection and their confidence are not the growth of a day, but a campaign.

It is not always necessary to have genius to be a great general. Wellington won his fame slowly, neither was he a special favorite with his men. He won it by clear, cold sense. Gen. Grant sees clearly the object in view, and looks at nothing else. He is fond of war, and hates politics. The battle is one of his delights, although even here there is no excitement. A calm and intuitive judgment presides amidst the most horrible confusion.

These qualities by degrees attach soldiers to him personally. They acquire confidence in leaders who move into battle fearlessly, yet while there have full control of their faculties.

In Mexico, as lieutenant, he was regarded as careless of life. At Belmont, in November, 1861, great personal risks were run, losing his horse and servant. On the second day at Shiloh his exposures were frequent and imminent.

If Gen. Grant does not court popularity, he studiously avoids giving offence. He is slow and moderate in military censures, but, for all this, penetrates the character of those about him. There are qualities enough here for a good general—with independence sufficient to decide without councils of war, discrimination enough to select the best agents for his work, quiet but firm, daring in battle, kind, social and approachable. Are not these better than the most brilliant exhibitions of genius? Are these not the reasons why so much confidence is reposed in that small, unpretending man? We hear of no jealousies or bickering among his corps commanders. Soldiers and officers feel that they must follow his example, and go wherever he is willing to lead or order them. It inspires them with a sentiment of invincibility, under which they stand up to the work of death till that comes or victory. Retreat forms no part of his programme. He knows our men will fight as long as they are required to and have the example of their officers. He knows, moreover, that in prolonged contests Northern men come out best. On these two maxims he is always ready to take the risk of battle, if the numbers are not far from equal. When the moment arrives to strike, the blow is delivered without studying very closely whether everything is ready, for in a great army something must be left to chance, and much more to Providence.

A NEGRO THEORY.—"My breddren," preached an old Sierra Leone darkey, "you see white man bad too much, ugly too much, no good. You want sabby t' know how man like dat come to lib in de world? Well, I tell you. Adam and Eve dey colored people, very handsome; lib in one beautiful garden. Dare dey hab all things dat be good—plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, foo-foo, palm wine—he-igh, too much. Den dey hab two children, Cain and Abel. Cain no like Abel's palaver; one day he kill'm. Den God angry, and he say, 'Cain!' Cain go hide himself; he tink him berry clever. 'Heigh-heigh!' God say again; 'Cain, you tink I no see you, you bush nigger—eh?' Den Cain come out, and he say, 'Yes, massa, I lib here—what de master, massa?' Den God say, in one big voice, like de tunder in de sky: 'Whare'm broder Abel?' Den Cain turned white all ober, wid fear—dat de first white man, breddren."

Original Fables.

Look in the Glass.

"Never associate with pigs, my dears," said a duck to her young brood, as the sow, with her litter of ten, passed in the road. "Never associate with them, children: they are such gluttons, and such remarkably dirty feeders."

"Well, if that isn't cool?" said the old sow, who heard the charge. "How little we know ourselves! Why, there isn't a mud-pool that you wouldn't delight to poke your bill into; and as to gluttony, when were you ever known to stop eating while there was anything to eat? If you want to remember yourself, then, perhaps you won't be so hard upon others."

A Word to the Curious.

"What are the bells ringing for?" said the young colt, standing with his ears pricked up, staring eyes, and distended nostrils, and his mane and tail flying about in great agitation. "Mother, what *are* the bells ringing for?"

"How should I know?" said the mare.

But the colt took a gallop half round the field, and strained his neck to look over the fence into the road, where a cart was loading with soil.

"*Can* you tell me what the bells are ringing for?" he said to the fore-horse, whose nose was in his bag, from which he did not raise it to give any answer.

"*Rude!*" said the colt, and applied to the one behind him.

But the one behind was very deaf, and looked sleepily on the ground.

Away went the colt to another part of the fence, and saw a team coming.

"*Do* you know," he asked breathlessly of the whole party at once, "why the bells are ringing?"

Supposing that he meant the bells on their collars, they merely shook them a little more by way of answer, and passed on.

"What insufferably dull animals!" said the colt, and galloped off harder than ever, till he came to the hedge that separated the meadow he was in from the vicar's orchard, in which the vicar's horse was grazing.

"*Now* I shall have it," thought he. "This is none of your stupid, low-bred creatures, but high-born and well-mannered, and sure to know all about it."

"Pray, sir, *may* I trouble you to inform me," he said, with much excitement, "why the bells ring?"

The vicar's horse with great gravity lifted up his head and said,

"Do you particularly wish to know?"

"I do indeed," said the colt.

"You won't mention it to anybody!" said the horse.

"Certainly not," said the colt eagerly.

"Well, then, it's because the men pull the ropes."

"But," said the colt, rather staggered at this, "may I ask, sir, *why* they pull the ropes?"

"Ah," said the horse, "now you go beyond me. I've told you all I know, and what's enough for me might be enough for you. If you'll take my advice, as a rule, never trouble your head about things that don't concern you. You'll save yourself an immense deal of trouble, and your friends too."

The World Can Go On Without Us.

A branch, broken from the tree by the tempest, rode on the rapid current of the swollen stream.

"See how I lead the waters," he cried to the banks. "See how I command and carry the stream with me," he cried again.

A jutting rocky ridge, over which the torrent dashed, caught the branch, and kept it shattered and imprisoned while the waters flowed on and on.

"Alas!" cried the branch, "how can you hold me thus? Who will govern the stream? how will it prosper without my guidance?"

"Ask the banks," said the rocky ledge. And the banks answered—

"Many, like you, have been carried by the stream, fancying that they carried it. And as to the loss you will be to the waters, don't be uneasy. You are already forgotten, as those are who came before you, and as those will soon be who may follow."

The Furnace for Gold.

The ore lay in the goldsmith's shop, rude and unrefined. How the costly vessels, pure and polished, glittered before it!

"Ah that I were such as you!" cried the ore. "I am gold, even as you are; but where is my beauty? where is my glory?"

"Wait awhile," said the shining vessels; "your time will come. But if you would really be as we are—a lot to which you are destined—remember not to flinch from the process that awaits you."

So the ore was cast into the furnace, and it mourned and bewailed the fierceness of the flame.

"You were not satisfied when buried in natural dross: you are not satisfied now, while being forced to part from it," said the shining vessels. "But when you come forth from that furnace without blemish, ready to be wrought into a king's crown, and take your place by us, you will forget the flame that scorched and purified you, and love the refiner, who loved you too well to keep you in the furnace one moment *less* than was necessary."

☞ Three-fourths of the crew of an Austrian steam line-of-battle ship, she being on her way to the Baltic, were lately prostrated by sea-sickness! In consequence, the vessel became all but unmanageable, and was so much damaged that she had to put into Lisbon for repairs. The Austrians will get their sea-legs, however, in time, but the Bay of Biscay must have been a terrible place for the poor fellows. The chopping seas of the Baltic may turn their stomachs inside out. John Bull, whose stomach is coppered, is hugely tickled at the thought of a man-of-war being disabled through the sea-sickness of her crew. An Austrian frigate suffered in the same way with the line-of-battle ship.

☞ SUGAR AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.—There is good reason to believe that sugar and other saccharine matters are aids to digestion, provided they are not accompanied by indigestible materials. Hence the love of patients, recovering from sickness, for "sweets;" hence, also, the craving of children for them; and there seems little doubt that, when this craving is satisfied in moderation, a larger amount of nutriment is obtained from a giving quantity of the other kinds of food.

☞ Iron that enters into the sole—Income tax.

REBEL INVASION.

STATEMENT OF COLONEL M'CLURE—VINDICATION OF THE PEOPLE OF CHAMBERSBURG.

CHAMBERSBURG, August 2.—The malignity of the New York Tribune is most amazing to our people, who have ever been ready to do any possible thing for their own defence.

Gens. McCausland and Johnson had three thousand men here; two batteries planted to command the town and protect the five hundred who plundered and burned Chambersburg. General Couch had just forty men within reach of Chambersburg subject to his orders, his new troops having been ordered to Washington. Averill was under orders from Hunter, and, although urged by Gen. Couch to fall back from Greencastle to cover Chambersburg, was unable to do so in time.

I speak from personal knowledge as to the disposition of our people to defend themselves, had it been possible, and General Couch would have called upon them could he have hoped to save the town.

Our loss is over two millions; nearly three thousand people are homeless, and every way helpless, but we are cheered by generous friends on almost every side. We can dispense with the charity of the *Tribune*, but it should at least be just. If we had been favored with half the troops sent from the Army of the Potomac to protect the *Tribune*, (a million of people from a thousand or so of a mob,) Chambersburg would not be in ruins. Our people refused tribute, preferring the torch. No sort of effort was made to compromise or raise a dollar for the rebels.

A. K. MCCLURE.

Gold and Silver.

An idea is put forth vehemently in certain quarters to the effect that if the demand for gold can be abolished the precious metal must speedily fall heavily. Hence many persons urge the adoption by the government of strong measures prohibiting the exportation of gold, establishing non-intercourse with Europe, so as to get rid of the heavy trade balances accruing regularly against us, and authorizing the payment of all the interest on the public debt in currency. If we may judge by the case of silver and copper coin, the value of gold would not be reduced by these measures. Silver is not needed for any purpose of paying customs dues, government interest, or foreign balances, and yet it maintains its high premium and will not reappear. So completely have we lost all our silver currency, that it has been precipitated in a huge mass upon the British colonies, where it has become a mere drug in the market, and is actually at a discount as compared with paper.

Yet none of our silver comes back to us, or reappears in circulation here. The case is the same with the cents, which are not wanted for any other purpose than circulation at home; and yet, although the mint has flooded the country with them, they remain scarce, and cannot by any possible means be kept afloat. How, then, can we expect ever to reduce the value of gold sufficiently to put it in active use, when here are coins of far less value which are at a high premium?

MONKEY STORIES.—Cassell's "Popular Natural History" means to be entertaining, if it is not always accurate, as we may see from the two following extracts:

"When some men of science were engaged in South America making observations on the figure of the earth, they were greatly annoyed by the domesticated apes, which were very numerous, looking through their telescopes, planting signals, running to the pendulum they used, taking their pens and trying to write."

But the climax is the following story:

"The small-pox having spread fearfully among the monkeys of South America, Dr. Pinckard, Secretary to the Bloomsbury-street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was singularly ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot, and then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lancet, guarded, that it might not cut too deep, by a projecting piece of steel. The Doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with all the skill of a professor."

BIBLE COMMUNISM.—There are peculiar communities at Wallingford, Ct., and Oneida, N. Y., professing to represent the primitive Christian church more accurately than any other church organization. They are socialists, holding their property in common; believe that diseases are caused by evil spirits and are to be cured by spiritual means; and that the power to work miracles has never been taken from the church, but will continue to the end of the world; that every meal is to be observed as the Lord's supper, the establishment of a separate rite not having been intended by the Savior; that perfect holiness is attainable in this life by faith and obedience; that the second coming of Christ took place at the close of the apostolic age; and various other matters, now peculiar, if they were not in the first ages of the church. These communities of Bible socialists have no formal constitution or rules for their government, but depend on the maintenance of a good spirit and upon free criticism among the members. The community at Oneida has been in existence some fifteen years.

THE OLD STORY.—A young farmer from Chester county, who had seen nothing whatever of city life, met a polite rascal in Third street yesterday morning. The vagabond after walking with the countryman for several squares, recollected that he had a bill to pay, and was without money. He borrowed $30 from the countryman, saying that as they were both going past his house he would there stop and repay him. They stopped at the head of a court, where the sharper asked the countryman to wait. The countryman waited, and the sharper passed up the alley into the next street. Of course he didn't return. Such people as this countryman can very rarely see a newspaper. The young man stated as much to the detectives. —*Philada. North American.*

☞ A writer who knows all about it, advises people not to shingle their houses with sawed shingles, because the grain is severed by the process, and water runs through instead of over them.

A Happy Device.

The editor of the Cleveland *Herald* formed one of a party of four travelling over the Pennsylvania Railroad. At Altoona, in order to avoid the tobacco spitting nuisance of the other parts of the train, the party endeavored to enter the ladies' car, but were politely informed that they could not be admitted unless in company with ladies. We will let the writer tell his own story:—

"We yielded to the ruling as correct. Just then a gentleman bearing a bandbox mounted the platform, and the key was turned in the lock without a question. Through the window we saw the result of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger handed over the bandbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the 'complete success' of his happy expedient. Upon that hint, one of our number spoke through the window, and out was handed the bandbox. 'Its second appearance at the door worked a like result, and the same experiment with the box three times, successfully gained entrance unquestioned. The fourth man, and the one who had at first been repulsed, now, with a faint hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, but the Cerberus of the car remembered faces, and for a moment hesitated, but as the bandbox was raised to his vision, stepped aside, and with 'Beg your pardon, sir—I did not see your bandbox,' opened the car, and the triumph was complete. The 'bandbox' power won over at least four friends to that abused article, who hereafter will not be found among its scoffers."

SINGULAR EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.—During yesterday afternoon's shower a little girl named Clarissa Hurd, residing corner of Tuckawana and Church street, met a sudden death. She was seated by an opened window, engaged in sewing. While her hand rested her needle pointed outwards. A flash of lightning rent the sky, and before the peal of thunder followed the child was stricken a corpse. The electric fluid touched the point of the needle, passed through the child's body, and crossing the apartment shattered a chimneypiece into ruins. Through the hole thus made the subtle agent of destruction passed from the house. A corner of the roof was also set on fire. The child was ten years of age.—*Philada. North American.*

☞ Among the *exports* of the last week were tea and coffee to the value of $690,000, and sugar to the amount of $326,000.

THROAT AFFECTIONS.—A Physician writing from *Newfane, New York*, speaking of the beneficial effects resulting from the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," says:—"Oblige me by sending a dozen more of your '*Bronchial Troches*,' enclosing bill. For alleviating that horrid irritation only felt by those who have suffered from any *Bronchial Affection*, and for hoarseness and sore throat too, I am free to confess (though I am an M. D.) they answer all you claim for them. I would beg you to feel that I am one of the last men in the profession to puff a nostrum, but feel I am but doing you justice to assert what I have." To avoid disappointment, be sure to obtain the *genuine* "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

A SCIENTIFIC VEGETABLE COMBINATION OF RARE INGREDIENTS—NOT A DYE.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be *permanent*. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS MILLER,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-eow

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour continues limited. Sales reach about 10,000 bbls in lots, chiefly extra family, at $10@11 for low mixed and good straight brands Western and Pennsylvania, and $11.50@12.50 for high grade do and fancy lots. Rye Flour brings $9 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly; and Wheat meets with a steady demand; sales 37,000 bus at 245@250c for inferior to prime old Pennsylvania reds; 255@260c for good and prime new do, and 260@265c for old and new Southern. Rye is selling freely at 175@180c for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales 25,000 bus at 173c for yellow, afloat, 174@175c for lots, in store, and 167@168c for white. Oats—Sales 20,000 bus at 93@95c for new, and 85@90c for old.

PROVISIONS—The stock of barreled meats is very light and prices nearly nominal, at $28@30 for old and new mess Pork, and $20 to 30 ₱ bbl for country and city mess Beef. Bacon is very inactive, and the sales confined to Hams and Shoulders at 20@25c for Hams and 16c for weste n smoked Shoulders. Of green meats we note small sales of bulk Hams at 16c and Shoulders at 15½@16c. Lard—400 tierces sold at 20@21c. Butter—Sales of packed at 35 to 42c ₱ lb. Cheese is selling at 20@20c for fair to choice western and New York dairies. Eggs are worth 20@22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales 350 bales at $1,35@1,70 for ordinary to good middlings, cash.

BARK—Sales Quercitron at $50 for 1st No 1. Tanner's Bark, a sale of Spanish Oak was made at $22 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is selling in lots at 35@37c ₱ lb.

COAL—The dealers are asking a further advance. Cargo prices at Richmond range at $11@11½ ₱ ton on board.

COFFEE—Some 700 bags Rio have been disposed of at 49 50c ₱ lb.

FEATHERS are selling at 85@85c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Sales are confined to Green Apples and Peaches at 50c to $1 ₱ basket for the former, and 75c to $1.25 for the latter.

HAY is wanted at $21@35 ₱ ton.

HOPS are selling at 27@30 for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON is in request; sales 2000 tons, mostly forge, at $65 60, cash; foundry is held at $73@75.

LUMBER is arriving and selling moderately at $22@24 for Susquehanna; $24 for Lehigh Hemlock; $26@2 for Yellow Pine Boards. White Pine Shingles range at $3@3 ₱ M.

PLASTER is wanted at $5.25@5.37 ₱ ton.

RICE—We quote Rangoon at 14½@15c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—Sales of Cloverseed at $10@12, and recleaned seed at $14@15 ₱ bush. Timothy is held at $5 ₱ bush. Sales of Flaxseed at $3 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS N E Rum is unsettled. Whiskey is unchanged and dull, and the sales limited at about 15c for Penn'a and Ohio bbls.

SUGARS—There is very little demand, about 900 hhds only having found buyers, mostly at 20@22c for Cuba, on time.

TALLOW—Sales of city are reported at 10c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market is inactive, with sales of some 300,000 lbs fleece, in lots, at 104@110c, chiefly at 102@105c for medium and fine, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $12 to 6.00 ₱ 100 lbs. 27c Hogs at from $ 5 to 17.50 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—5500 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7½c ₱ lb. Cows brought from $45 to 80 ₱ head.

☞ Books in these days are generally like some kinds of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John W. Dulles, WILLIAM B. CHAMBERS, of Albany, N. Y., to JULIETTE C., daughter of D. C. Eaton, Esq., of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. ISAIAH J. DEXTER, to Miss ELIZABETH BURGINE.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, Mr. WILLIAM HOBBS, of this city, to MARY, daughter of John S. Watson, Esq., of Pittstown, Salem county, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. LEANDER H. CALVERLEY, to CARRIE E. HENDERSON, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. J. P. Chaplain, Mr. NICHOLAS LEAR, to Miss LOTTIE C. RENITS, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. T. T. Briggs, Mr. WILLIAM G. CLENDENON, to Miss JANE E. ELLIOTT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, JOHN GUTOS, Esq., aged 72 years.

On the 3d instant, E. M. HUSTON, M. D., in his 70th year.

On the 2d instant, CHARLES TISDALL, in his 70th year.

On the 2d instant, SAMUEL BINGHAM, in his 40th year.

On the 1st instant, PRUDENCE CARSON, aged 65 years.

On the 1st instant, Miss EMILY M. BEWLEY, in her 57th year.

On the 31st of July, DAVID W. HILL, in his 54th year.

On the 31st of July, RACHEL M., wife of Samuel Hutchins, in her 58th year.

On the 30th of July, JOSEPH WHITE, in his 58th year.

On the 30th of July, MARY, wife of Jas. Sloan, in her 35th year.

Fell asleep in Jesus, in Milroy, Penna., July 18, 1864, MARY RITTENHOUSE NOURSE, daughter of Sarah H. and the late Rev. James Nourse, in her 17th year. A little while ago she was, by the grace of God, led to choose the better part, and already she is not, for God has taken her. Quiet, patient, submissive, thankful in her sickness, she was willing to go, and to leave the sin of earth for the holiness of heaven; the fickle enjoyments of youth for the everlasting pleasures of Christ's immediate presence.

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
EYRE & LANDELL,
mar12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my2-1y

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON, PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
aug13-1t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

FUN. SAMPLES SENT FREE.—Agents wanted, $5 a day can be made. Address (with stamp)
J. K. EDWARDS,
1t Cincinnati, Ohio.

DR. TOBIAS'
VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT,
PINT BOTTLES AT FIFTY CENTS, for the cure of lameness, scratches, wind galls, sprains, bruises, splints, cuts, colic, slipping stifle, over heating, sore throat, salt in the foot, etc. It is warranted cheaper and better than any other article ever offered to the public. Thousands of animals have been cured of the colic and over-heating by this Liniment; and hundreds that were crippled and lame have been restored to their former vigor. It is used by all the first horsemen throughout the States. Orders are constantly received from the Racing Stables of England *for fresh supplies of this invaluable article. Over 2,500 testimonials have been received. Remember*, 50 cents laid out in time may save the life of your horse.
Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 50 Cortlandt Street, New York. jy30-2teow

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH as fast as you can pick them up, sent to any address for 25 cents. *Remember* full printed instructions. Boys, don't fail to send for this great secret. Address F. A. ELLIS, box 4, Charlotte, Michigan. 1t

STRANGE! STRANGE!—Full instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism and make a world of fun by a few hours' practice, sent by mail for 25 cents, or 6 for one dollar. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. 1t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONQUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1 sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb7-tf 199 Nassau street, New York City.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

PROPOSALS FOR LOAN.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, July 25, 1864.

Notice is hereby given that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as Depositaries and Financial Agents, for Treasury Notes payable three years from August 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable twenty years from August 15, 1867.

The Notes will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The party depositing must endorse upon the *original* certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15 on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper endorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

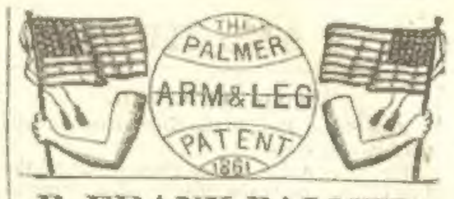
W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Subscriptions will be received by the
First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Third National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
First National Bank of Allentown, Pa.
AND ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS & BANKERS
throughout the country will doubtless
AFFORD FACILITIES TO SUBSCRIBERS.
aug13-2t

WENDEROTH & TAYLOR,
PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,
912, 914 and 916 Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.
Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.
☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.
N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

WILLCOX & GIBBS
Sewing Machine.
It is entirely noiseless.
A patent device prevents it being turned backward.
The needle cannot be set wrong.
It received the Gold Medal of the American Institute in 1863.
Send for a circular containing full information, notices from the press, testimonials from those using the machine, &c. JAMES WILLCOX,
Manufacturer, 505 Broadway, New York.
PRINCIPAL OFFICES:
NEW YORK—505 Broadway,
BOSTON—282 Washington Street,
PHILADELPHIA—715 Chestnut Street,
CHICAGO—135 Lake Street,
CINCINNATI—70 West 4th Street,
LONDON—135 Regent Street,
HAMBURG—44 Hermann Street,
PARIS—8 Boulevard de Sebastopol,
ST PETERSBURGH—15 Gorochovay,
VIENNA—9 Wildprestmarkt,
BRUSSELS—12 Rue Croisade,
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—292 Pitt Street.
jy2-3m

POPULAR BAND & ORCHESTRA MUSIC.
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA—1st and 2d Violins, Flutes, Clarinet, Cornet and Bass 33 Nos. Price of each, 5c cents. DITSON'S SELECT BRASS BAND MUSIC. Printed on Cards, for 16 or less number of instruments 47 Nos. Price of each, $1. TERPSICHORE, for 5 to 16 instruments to Price for small orchestra, 6 cts for large orchestra $1. *A complete list of the pieces comprised in the above sets, sent on application.*
THE NEW GERMANIA; a collection of Operatic Airs Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, &c., for 5 and 6 instruments by Burditt. $1,50
STAR COLLECTION OF MUSIC, for Wind and Stringed Instruments, by J. W. Moore. Price $2.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston. aug6-tf



B. FRANK PALMER.
SURGEON-ARTIST, TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, *for* the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are subjected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prize" won, over all competitors, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public *value of these inventions. All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Commencing Monday, June 20, 1864, from WALNUT Street Pier.
FOR CAPE MAY.
At 6 and 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Salem and Bridgeton at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
For Glassboro' at 6, 9 and 10 A. M.; 4 and 4:30 P. M.
For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 6 and 9 A. M., 12 M., and 4 and 6 P. M.
RETURNING TRAINS.
Leave Cape May at 6 and 11:45 A. M., and 3:10 P. M.
Leave Millville at 7:40 A. M. and 1:52 and 6:50 P. M.
Leave Salem at 6 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
Leave Bridgeton at 6:15 A. M. and 1:30 P. M.
Leave Glassboro' at 7:10 and 8:35 A. M. and 2:23, 3 and 7:50 P. M.
Leave Woodbury at 7, 7:40 and 8:54 A. M. and 2:50, 3:29, 5:15 and 8:12 P. M.
THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY,
Office No. 6 Walnut street, will call for and deliver Baggage and attend to all the usual branches of Express business. Heavy articles taken by the 6 A. M. line only, and must be sent to the office the evening previous. Perishable articles by this line must be sent before 5½ A. M. A special messenger accompanies each train. J. VAN RENSSELAER,
jy16-3t Superintendent.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC SAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2. Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3. Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

THERE ARE METEOR INVENTIONS
That flash up for a moment in the newspapers and pass to oblivion. There are also
GRAND DISCOVERIES
which take a permanent hold of public estimation, and Last for All Time.
Permanent among the latter class stands
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
A vegetable preparation, harmless as water, which in five minutes
TRANSFORMS GRAY HAIR,
Or hair of any unpleasant hue, to a glorious black or enchanting brown. Unique in its composition and infallible in its results, it has achieved popularity with both sexes, with every class of society, and in all parts of the world.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jy30-2teow

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—The Weak, the Consumptive, Rheumatic, Costive, Bilious and Delicate, after some days' use, will find renewed strength and life pervade every organ of their frames.
Every dose makes the blood purer. The nerves commence in the arteries and terminate in the veins. These pills, as a first effect, act upon the arterial blood, increasing the circulation, by which impurities are deposited in the veins, and they throw off such collections into the bowels, which organs, by the energy derived from Brandreth's Pills, expel them from the system. When first used the Pills may occasion griping, and even make the patient feel worse. This is an excellent sign, and shows the disease will soon be cured. No great good is often achieved without some trouble in its attainment, and this rule applies to the recovery of health.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jy30-2teow

AGENTS WANTED.—$50 per month guaranteed. For terms and specimens, address with stamp, L. L. TODD & CO.,
Jy9-3m New York.

$100 PER MONTH.—ACTIVE AND RELIABLE Agents in the Army and everywhere else in the most lucrative business known. Honorable and no risk. Address or apply to T. & O. GAUGHAN, 116 Broadway, New York. Jy9-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Walking on a Raft.

Mace Sloper, Esq., in the Knickerbocker, tells the following story:

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft—one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said unto himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let mine eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn." So he got on at the lower end, and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as *he* walked up the river, *it* walked down, both travelling at about the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near shore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed and walked straight into the bar-room he had come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord straight in the face and settled it in his own way:

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with any twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting woodpile, and corresponding circus bills, a mile off from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

"And, Publican, have you, among your dry goods, for the entertainment of man and horse, any whiskey of the same size as that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said that from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, he had.

They took drinks, when the stranger said:

"Publican, that are twin brother of yours, is a mighty fine man—a very fine man indeed. But, do you know, I'm afeered he suffers a good deal with Chicago diptheria."

"And what is that?" asked the toddy sticker.

"It is when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, called it lyin'. When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life was a mile long. Well, Publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to your'n. Now, I know leg time, an' I'm just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for *that* than any man you ever *did* see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded injun gun if I've been mor'n ten minutes coming here, stepping over the blamed logs, at that."

The Schoolmaster Not Abroad.

Several years ago, when the efforts in behalf of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association were at the height of activity throughout the country, Mrs. ——— was one of the local agents to collect funds in our town. In the prosecution of her labors she called at a comfortable looking dwelling in the outskirts of her district, and the head of the family being absent, she addressed the "lady of the house" in an eloquent appeal in behalf of the association. To her surprise she was asked—"Why, who is Mr. Washington?" Astonished at discovering such density of ignorance on the part of a well-to-do woman, in this land of enlightenment, Mrs. ——— briefly but forcibly recapitulated the leading events in Washington's career, and his claims upon his country's gratitude, in recognition of which, as she explained, an effort was being made to raise funds to prevent his home from passing into the hands of strangers. But the answer showed that, notwithstanding the efforts of the teacher, the student of history didn't yet see the point. "Well, ma'am," said the latter, "I should like very much to help that good old man to keep his place, if I could afford it, but the fact is, that we ha'n't yet paid for ourn!"

This cogent argument was too much for the benevolent agent of the society, who immediately beat a retreat for some locality where the schoolmaster was abroad.

Satisfied With the Terms.

A certain good-natured old Vermont farmer preserved his constant good-nature, let what would turn up. One day, while the black tongue prevailed in that state, one of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead. "Is he?" said the old man; "well, he always was a breechy cuss. Take his hide off and carry it down to Fletcher's; it will bring the cash." An hour or so afterward, the man came back with the news that "lineback" and his mate were both dead. "Are they?" said the old man; "well, I took them of B———, to save a bad debt that I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brindles. Take the hides down to Fletcher's: they will bring the cash." After the lapse of another hour, the man came back to tell him that the nigh brindle was dead. "Is he?" said the old man; "well, he was a very old ox. Take off his hide and send it down to Fletcher's; it is worth cash, and will bring more than two of the others." Hereupon his wife, who was a very pious soul, taking upon herself the office of Eliphaz, reminded her husband very severely of his sins, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was the judgment of Heaven for his wickedness. "*Is it?*" said the old fellow; "*well if they will take the judgment in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay it.*"

Paste and Diamonds.—The celebrated actor, John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally followed the same humble occupation himself, being one evening strutting in the green-room in a pair of glittering buckles, a bystander remarked, that they really resembled diamonds.

"Sir," said Palmer, with some warmth, "I would have you know, I never wear anything but *diamonds*."

"I ask your pardon," replied the other, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste*."

The laugh was much heightened by Banister exclaiming, "Jack, why don't you *stick him against the wall?*"

☞ In a Scotch church, a descendant of Nabal having put a crown piece into the plate, instead of a penny, and starting at its white precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused. "In once, in forever." "Aweel, aweel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in Heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny."

HOW FANNY GOT HER HUSBAND INTO THE BONNET STORE.

Fanny.—"Charles, dear, I'm really afraid my crinoline is coming off."

Husband (Suddenly bursting into a cold perspiration)—"By Jove, let's bolt into this bonnet shop." [Sold.

Wonders of the Universe.

What assertion will make one believe that in one second of time, one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 150,000 miles, and would, therefore, perform the tour of the world in about the same time it requires to wink with your eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is above a million times larger than the earth?—and that although so remote from us, a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attractions in an appreciable instant of time. Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second?—or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid together would not extend an inch?

But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly occurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of the eye, that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color? That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times—of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times, and of violet seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking sense? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

Dr. Lyman Beecher's Manuscript.

His habits of composition were peculiar. His social nature was so active that as soon as he had written a sentence which pleased him, he had an irrepressible desire to read it to somebody. Many a time has he rushed into the dining-room, where Aunt Esther was washing dishes—"Here, Esther, hear this." Aunt Esther, with martyr-like patience, would stand, towel in one hand and an unwiped plate in the other (for he must have her undivided attention) till he read his paragraph and trotted back to his study again. It sometimes seemed as if he would never get his sentence done. He would write and re-write, erase and interline, tear up and begin anew, scratch out and scribble in, almost endlessly. In the latter part of his life this became morbid, and actually shut him out from the possibility of publishing his own writings. He was the torment of printers, both by the delay of his manuscript and by the condition in which they found it when they got it. One of his daughters said there were three negative rules by which she could always read her father's writing, to wit:—1. If there is a letter crossed, it isn't *t*. 2. If there is a letter dotted, it isn't *i*. 3. If there is a capital letter, it isn't at the beginning of a word.

At Lane Seminary he lived more than two miles from the city. One time, after the printers had been on tenter-hooks forty-eight hours for their copy, he hastily finished his manuscript in his study, crushed it into the crown of the hat that lay nearest to him, clapped another hat on his head, drove down to the city, rushed up to the printing office, and snatched off his hat. "Here's your copy—h'm, h'm—well, if it isn't here, it is somewhere else." The copy was still in the hat that had been left at home. But who could be angry with so much good nature, even if it were a plague?

☞ Observing a few days since, a rough-looking customer in custody of a policeman, and followed by a large concourse of the *canaille*, I inquired of one of the crowd, a verdant-looking son of Erin, what offence the culprit had been guilty of. "Sure, an' he attimpthd to commit suicide, he did," was the reply. "Suicide!" I ejaculated in surprise. "By what means, pray?" "By batin' his poor old father over the head wid a club till he lay for dead," rejoined my informant. It was some minutes ere I ceased to contemplate the depravity of mankind in general, and suicides in particular.

☞ A young Cambridge student once contended with Johnson, whom he met at Boswell's, that prosaic poetry and poetical prose must be equally good. "No, sir," said the doctor; "a man may like brandy in his tea, though not tea in his brandy." The student was asked afterwards what he thought of Dr. Johnson. "I think," said he, "that he is the great bear of conversation—his diction is all contradiction."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Remove Sunburn.—Ladies who have become sunburned from recent exposure, by trips to the seashore or otherwise, would find no difficulty in removing the same if sour milk and tansy be applied. The remedy is simple. Sop the face with the sour milk and tansy, letting it dry on; continue to use for several days. Will cause freckles to soften in appearance, and fade, but will effectually remove sunburn if persevered in.—*H. B. G. in Mass. Ploughman.*

Nectar, a Pleasant Summer Beverage.—Put 1 lb. of moist sugar, 2 lbs. of raisins, chopped or whole, one lemon, peeled and sliced, into a cask; pour thereon two gallons of boiling water; stir the whole well once every day, for four or five days; then strain and bottle it, and it will be fit for use in nine or ten days.

Orange Pudding.—A very delicious one. On ½ lb. of bread crumbs, pour a pint of milk, let it boil up, and stir in 2½ oz. of butter, keeping the saucepan over the fire until all is mixed. When cold mix in 2 eggs, 2 oz. of sugar, and the same quantity of orange marmalade. Place it in a basin or mould that will just hold it; tie it down closely with a floured cloth, and boil it an hour and a quarter. For sauce use melted butter, sugar, and a little lemon juice.

To Destroy Ants.—Drop quicklime on the mouth of their nests, and wash it down with boiling water. Camphor, or a sponge soaked in creosote, will prevent their infesting a cupboard.

A Cheap and Excellent Family Dish.—The following recipe is intended to illustrate the reforms which economy, combined with good cooking, might effect in family bills of fare:—Take 3 lbs. of ox-palates; ½ lb. of salt butter; turnips and carrots, onions, potatoes, rice, &c. Wash your meat thoroughly in spring water, dry it with a clean cloth, and place it in a frying-pan in which you have scalded your butter; fry the palates thoroughly brown, remove them into a skillet or saucepan; then fry the onions, cut into thin slices, until they are also brown, and add a small coffee cup of scalding water to them in the pan; give them a shake round, and pour the whole into the skillet or saucepan, and set the same over a very slow fire, to draw the gravy from the meat. When the palates are seething put in the turnips, cut in quarters, and the carrots in long slices, with a blade or two of mace, adding the rice at the same time, with pepper and salt to your taste. Let the whole keep simmering for three hours at the least, occasionally stirring it round with a tablespoon. Before taking it up add the catsup to it, and serve it to table. No fault will be found with it, let the appetite of the parties who may partake of it be the most fastidious. A costly dish, of the same character, would be composed of rump steaks, with fresh butter, port wine, truffles, and other et ceteras, and prove altogether an extravagant and wasteful dish.

Tomatoes for Supper.—Few people know how to prepare uncooked tomatoes in the way adopted in my family, and incomparably better than any mode I have ever tasted. By this mode they are desirable for supper or for breakfast. For a family of half a dozen persons, take six eggs, boil four of them *hard*, dissolve the yolks with vinegar sufficient, add about three teaspoons of mustard and mash as smooth as possible; then add the two remaining eggs, (raw,) yolk and white, stir well; then add salad oil to make altogether sauce sufficient to cover the tomatoes well; add plenty of salt and cayenne pepper, and beat thoroughly until it froths. Skin and cut the tomatoes a full fourth of an inch thick, and pour the sauce over, and you have a dish fit for a President.

Though a little troublesome to prepare, yet if once eaten by people who are blessed with palates to enjoy good things, they will be pronounced to be far superior to any other mode of preparation. We use them constantly in this way for these meals. For dinner they are the best stewed, but they should always be strained before sending to the table.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Curious Calculation.—Few persons have any tolerable notion of the space which would be occupied by the whole population now living on this globe if congregated together; and as to that vast majority, the dead, the wildest conjectures have been indulged in. Some have even doubted whether such a number of human beings could find standing room on the whole face of the earth. Now, taking the present population of the earth to number one thousand millions, and assuming that the average population of the earth from the time of Adam till now has been half that number, and that the generations of men have averaged forty years each, we come to this conclusion—that the smallest county of England would afford sitting room for all the men, women and children now alive on earth, and that a number of human beings, equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth, might stand within the area of the largest county in England.

Boots and Backbiters.—If you are backbitten and annoyed, take example of your boots, which, although blackened every day, shine the more brightly and endure every rub without a murmur. A shrewd old man, who had acquired the art of putting the most favorable construction on disagreeable events, once said that people sometimes told lies respecting him; but he reflected that though there were some things reported to his disadvantage which were not true, there was abundance that was true, which was not reported. Of course the faults unjustly charged might be fairly permitted to counterpoise those which, though true, were not reported. A clear conscience needs no accusation.

AGRICULTURAL.

History of the Plough.

The first plough is supposed to have been the rude branch of a tree, cut so as to have a cleft end, the point of which, dragged along the surface of the ground, scraped a furrow into which seeds were thrown. It soon occurred to the husbandman that he might relieve his own labor by yoking an animal to the long arm of this primitive instrument; then arose the necessity for a handle, affixed to the back, so that the plough might be guided. The strength of the animal soon wore away or broke the cleft of the branch, and this necessity gave rise to the invention of means for attaching movable shares, first of wood, next of stone, copper, or iron, worked to a shape adapted to the cutting of furrows, so as to avoid the excessive labor from the ploughman's having to lean upon the plough with all his weight to press it into earth. Just such an implement as these conjectures indicate was used by the Saxons. Some of the facts connected with the history of the plough are almost incredible. In Ireland there once prevailed a custom of "ploughing by the horse's tail." The draught-pole was lashed to the tail of the horse, and, as no harness was employed, two men were necessary, one to guide and press upon the plough, the other to direct the horse, which he did by walking backwards before the miserable animal, and beating it on the head on either side, according to the direction required. This custom prevailed for a considerable time, in spite of a law which was passed in the early part of the seventeenth century, imposing severe penalties upon persons found guilty of "ploughing by the horse's tail," as in the act mentioned and described. From Rev. Cæsar Otway's "Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley," it appears that the barbarous practice lingered in the remote west of Ireland as late as the year 1740! And from a paper "On the Breed of Horses in Scotland in the Ancient Times," printed in the first volume of the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, we find it in that country as late as the year 1792!

German Economy.

A late tourist in Germany describes the economy practiced by the peasants as follows: "Each German has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees, so laden with fruit that did he not carefully prop them up, tie them together, and in many places hold the boughs together by wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his own corn plot, his plot for mangel wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, &c. He is his own master, and therefore he and his family have the strongest motives for exertion. In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries and sliced apples lying in the hot sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from the windows in the sun. The cows are kept up the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows, by the roadside, river and brook, is carefully cut by the sickle, and carried home on the heads of women. Nothing of the kind is lost that can possibly be made of any use. Weeds, nettles, nay, the very goose-grass which covers the waste places, are cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, and in the streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh-grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands."

Deep or Shallow Pans for Cream.—We find in the Homestead an experiment by a farmer's wife to ascertain what depth of pan yielded the most cream. Farmers probably lose largely in this way without knowing it.

In pans cont'g 1 quart,				the cream measured		1 gill.	
"	"	2	"	"	"	2	"
"	"	3	"	"	"	2½	"
"	"	4	"	"	"	3	"
"	"	5	"	"	"	3½	"

The experiments were tried twice with the same result, and her conclusion was that the shallow pans yielded the greatest proportionate quantity of cream, and that two quarts is enough for any one pan; also, that the milk should be strained immediately after milking. This seems reasonable, as we know in covered pans cream does not rise well. There must be exposure to the atmosphere, and the more surface the better. —*Rural Advertiser.*

Dressing for Strawberries.—Supposing the land to be in good vegetable bearing condition, and deeply dug, I know no dressing which will so delight the strawberry as a heavy coat of dark forest mould. They are the children of the wilderness, force them as we will; and their little fibrous roots never forget their longing for the dark, unctious odor of mouldering forest leaves.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 106 letters.
My 1, 11, 2, 10, 4, 21, 28, 8, 29, 27, 26, is a battle of the present war.
My 22, 23, 59, 31, 61, 62, is a gulf of North America.
My 17, 32, 45, 92, 7, 6, was a Union General.
My 51, 13, 14, 12, 71, 15, 24, 46, 16, 39, is a river in Virginia.
My 95, 5, 3, 40, 47, 19, was a Union Admiral.
My 9, 41, 15, 48, 20, 66, was a Union General.
My 3, 36, 37, 35, 73, 72, 101, is a town in Maryland.
My 105, 104, 99, 49, 80, 69, 25, 68, 78, is a Union General.
My 33, 96, 30, 43, 99, 38, 53, 52, 54, 56, is a battle of the present war.
My 63, 58, 100, 93, 106, 21, 42, 18, was a battle fought May 31st, 1862.
My 60, 67, 88, 35, 58, 39, is a Union General.
My 42, 74, 48, 30, 76, 34, was a General who commanded in Western Virginia.
My 52, 103, 62, 45, was a Union General.
My 55, 29, 57, 91, 77, 44, is where a battle was fought October 26th, 1861.
My 83, 87, 102, 85, 44, 99, 65, 90, 65, 51, was a battle fought on Northern soil.
My 42, 81, 2, 6, 97, 86, 70, was a Union General.
My 32, 75, 75, 82, 94, 79, 68, 22, was a battle fought September 17th, 1862.
My 18, 75, 93, 64, 60, 27, 84, 85, was a Colonel who escaped from Libby prison.
My whole is an event of the present war.

Bentleysville, Pa. S. B. WEST.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 22, 8, 20, 21, 12, 9, 3, is a Major General in the Union army.
My 2, 5, 17, is a covering.
My 18, 13, 10, 12, 11, 16, is a distinguished Rear Admiral in the United States Navy.
My 14, 22, 16, 1, is very useful in time of war.
My 7, 19, 4, 4, 6, is a distinguished author.
My whole has caused great excitement throughout the country. EVA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an adjective meaning precious.
My second is a French word, meaning the world.
My whole was a celebrated character of the 15th century, and the capital of a foolish and wicked people. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Cincinnati, O.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in stand, but not in sit.
My 2d is in parquette, but not in pit.
My 3d is in rat, but not in mouse.
My 4th is in church, but not in house.
My 5th is in one, but not in two.
My 6th is in green, but not in blue.
My 7th is in sand, but not in mud.
My 8th is in thorn, but not in bud.
My 9th is in mad, but not in sane.
My 10th is in strap, but not in cane.
My 11th is in rifle, but not in gun.
My 12th is in heat, but not in sun.
My 13th is in sheep, but not in goat.
My 14th is in barge, but not in boat.
My 15th is in rise, but not in fall.
My 16th is in short, but not in tall.
My 17th is in beckon, but not in call.
My whole is two names familiar to all.

St. Louis. YATES.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two series of right-angled triangles, in which the base and perpendicular differ by the constant quantity 1708. The first triangle of one of these two series has the following sides, viz.:—Hypothenuse equals 1537; Perpendicular equals 385; Base equals 1488. Required, the three sides of the first triangle in the other series, *by any process that is known.*

Mohawk, N. Y. EROS N.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three spheres of brass are in contact, whose diameters are 8, 9 and 10 inches respectively, and support a fourth sphere weighing 12 pounds. What quantity of weight does each supporting sphere sustain? MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman put $2,000 into the hands of a banker, in order to receive a weekly allowance. Required, what that allowance must be so that the whole sum and its compound interest, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, may be entirely exhausted in 7 years. GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What key is suggestive of festivity? Ans.—Turkey.

☞ What key possesses the gift of mimicry? Ans.—Monkey.

☞ What key unlocks the gates of temptation? Ans.—Whiskey.

☞ What key is the most difficult to turn? Ans.—Donkey.

☞ What key is useful in punishing crime? Ans.—Turnkey. CARACTACUS.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

CHARADE—Pantry. RIDDLE—Clog, log, Og. GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE—Van Dieman's Land.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, June 25th.—Riflemen, 265; Grenadiers, 583; Militia, 689. Walter Sleerly and Jas. M. Greenwood. The author gives—Riflemen, 477; Grenadiers, 589; and Militia, 159.

A. Martin's answer to his PROBABILITY QUESTION, published June 25, is 0.210133.